CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

The Beaver

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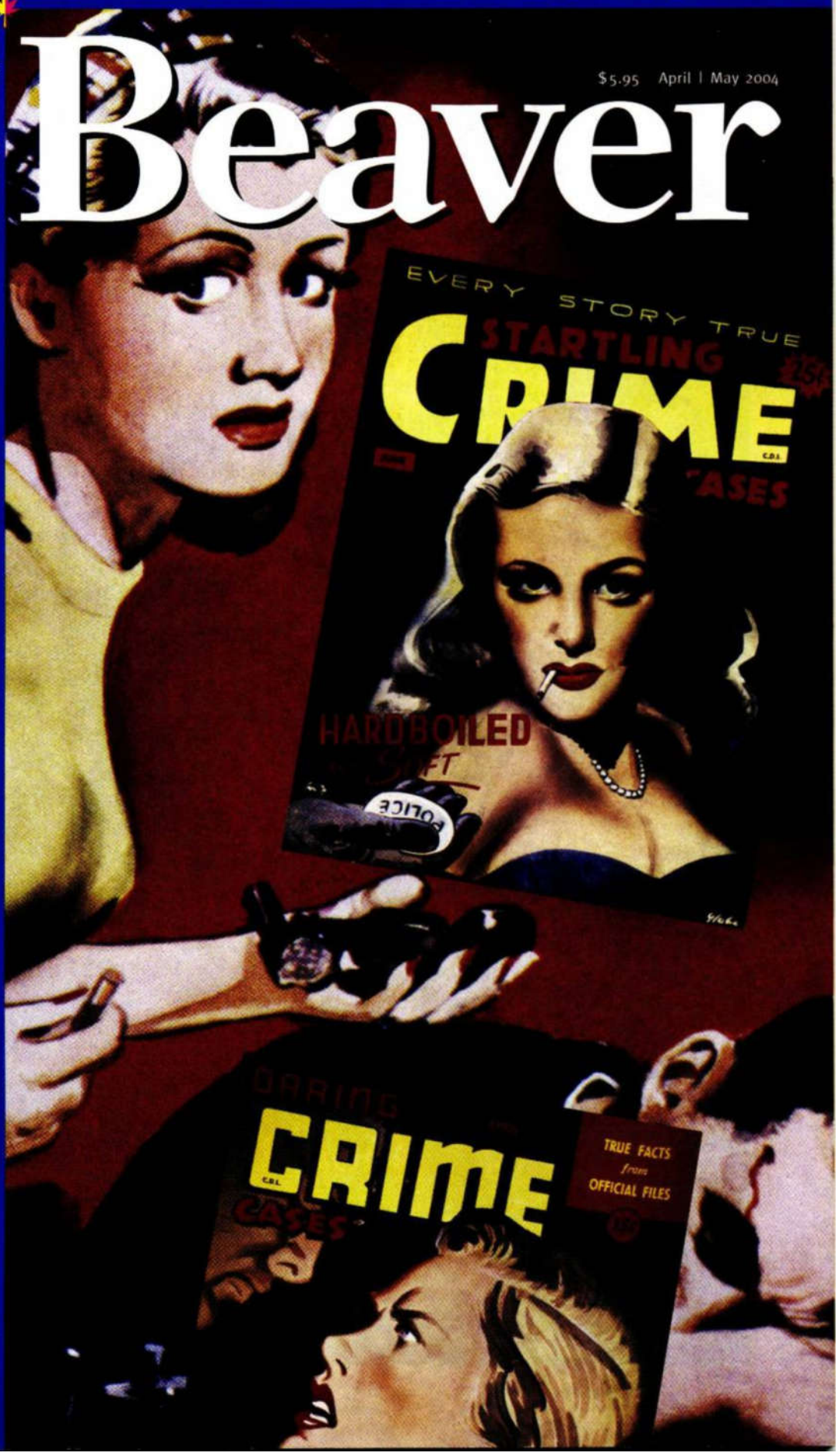

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The Beaver

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The Beaver
CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

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Founded in 1994 to popularize Canadian history, the work of Canada's National History Society includes **The Beaver** magazine, the **Governor General's Award for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History** to honour the country's best history teachers, and the **Pierre Berton Award** to recognize those who have brought history to a wider audience.

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Letters

A man, a plan

Reading "Your Story" [December 2003/January 2004] about Ripple Rock inevitably led to youthful memories of this notorious navigational hazard in B.C.'s inside passage. My father, appointed in 1939 as district engineer (B.C. and the Yukon) for the federal Department of Public Works, was responsible for the navigable waters of the area – and Ripple Rock became his cross to bear. I remember those early days: home from his nearby New Westminster office, an early supper, and then immediate retirement to his basement workshop where he was building a small-scale model of Ripple Rock's surface. Each nail hammered into a wooden slab, to the appropriate height, represented the Rock's peaked profile. Then careful modelling with clay shaped the peaks and valleys of its surface. Once finished, he brought it upstairs where he could look at if from all angles, tilt it to catch the light – and clearly visualize its ultimate destruction.

Those were the days that there was talk of somehow blowing off its top. Depth charges dropped from one of His Majesty's Canadian warships was talked of, and even torpedoes from a commandeered America submarine, regularly practising in nearby Georgia Strait, were discussed. I seem to recall some aborted attempts when explosives in holes, drilled from precariously held overlying scows, did chip off a few fragments, but only when a contract was announced naming a local firm to design and build a special barge to be stabilized by long cables to the adjacent shores did my father come home from his office with a smile on his face; he was sure that this was the solution.

The barge, sleek and streamlined, was built at Star Shipyards (Mercer's) in New Westminster, launched and christened with great fanfare and expectation, and towed to Seymour Narrows, where it was successfully stabilized by cables to both shores. Loss of workmen using small boats in the treacherous currents and periodic snapping of cables and drills perhaps should have warned of ultimate failure, but the system did work. I remember father's happy face, home from work, coming through the kitchen door with, "Well, we completed one-and-a-half drill holes today," before his hat was off and in the closet. But it didn't last. Perhaps a few explosions ripped some of the rock loose, but strong currents and a shifting barge too often ruptured cables and fractured drills.

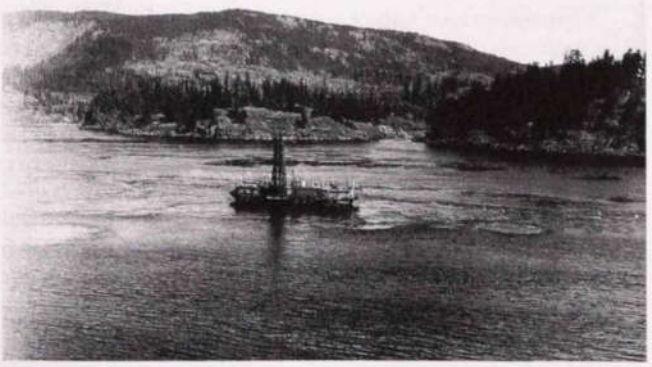
This failure in 1953 saddened his retirement, though he saw the beginning and ultimate success of the geological approach to Ripple Rock's demise. My father desperately wanted to be invited to view the explosion from the specially built protective bunker, but that invitation never came. We all watched it on T.V. in our living room.

The photograph below shows the magnificent barge in the midst of Seymour Narrows' swirling currents. At the upper right corner, two cables can be seen, snaking up to their shoreline bases. A crew boat is tied up at the base camp in the centre background.

KEN S. MORTON
GIBSONS, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Me and eddy

I witnessed the explosion of Ripple Rock on April 5, 1958, on television while living in Regina ["Your Story," December 2003/January 2004]. Years later, in 1990, I was working at CITC television, and as sales manager, took around thirty clients out for a fishing weekend to Painter's Lodge. The clients and a guide went out in shallow-draft Boston Whalers separately, leaving a guide and myself to go scouting for fishing areas that we



***The Beaver* welcomes readers' comments.** E-mail us at <editors@historysociety.ca> or write to *The Beaver*, 478– 167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, Manitoba, R3B 0T6 Canada. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

could move the various parties to if they were not having any luck elsewhere. We travelled up to the Ripple Rock area, which is volatile, particularly when the tide is running full bore. A vast whirlpool develops, with the water moving into the vortex at a powerful rate. As we were motoring along, the shear pin in the propeller broke and we lost the propeller. Without saying anything, the guide grabbed the lone paddle and with all his strength and endurance pulled us out of the whirlpool and made shore. He was exhausted. We waited a couple of hours on shore until some boats came into the area, and we tied on and were pulled back to the lodge. It was only then that I realized the full import of what had happened. The guide decided he wasn't going to push his luck and resigned.

Reading the personal story of Charles K. Hurst evoked new memories for me. Thanks for a great remembrance.

HUGH DELANEY
CALGARY, ALBERTA

But clouds got in their way

I enjoyed Jean-Louis Trudel's article about Simon Newcomb [December 2003/January 2004]. It reminded me that I'd recently read in a *Beaver* back issue [June 1954, "Viewing the Eclipse, 1860," by Olive Knox] of his 3,000-mile journey to The Pas. Newcomb and his colleagues William Turrell and H.S. Scudder didn't reach The Pas in time and had to settle for viewing from a stream around Moose Lake where they improvised their observatory. Knox includes a wonderful drawing of the three men looking through their telescopes, watched by their guides (p. 37). Newcomb wrote, "This then is our success ... to reach by heroic endeavor the outer edge of the belt of totality; to sit in a marsh and view the eclipse through clouds!" However, the data gathered would become the first of many dozens of scientific papers.

RITA GRIFFIN-SHORT
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

A life curtailed

Your article "Canada's Covert Biowarfare Program," by Doug Alexander [December 2003/January 2004], gave me sad flashbacks. My fifteen-year-old brother developed a fatal case of tularaemia from skinning an infected rabbit to feed his pet coyote. Within a day or so he was blind. At that time the farmers were unaware that a rabbit that had a blister was infected with tularaemia. This was June 1944. He was taken to the University Hospital in Edmonton where he slipped into a coma after a few days. His last words to his mother were, "I am going to die, aren't I, Mom?" He had overheard the doctor's prognosis. He fought a three-month battle against the disease, which had attacked every organ in his body, leaving him with a fatal case of meningitis. The doctor told my parents that there was an antibiotic (penicillin?) but it was available only for the armed forces. Does this also explain why we had outbreaks of brucellosis in our cattle herds in the late 1940s and the 1950s?

DOREEN THOMEUS
ENTWISTLE, ALBERTA

Colour us red ... or bleu

Very much enjoyed your latest issue [February/March 2004] until I reached the advertisement for the National History Society in which Sir George-Etienne Cartier is proclaimed as a "leader of the Grits." George Brown must be thrashing in his coffin. It is true that Cartier played a role in the rebellions of the 1830s, fighting alongside Wolfred Nelson, but his abiding political legacy would rest on his role from the 1840s until his death in 1873 as the leader of the bleu faction in Quebec. Yes, he joined with John A. Macdonald in the 1850s in a coalition that would later help to "found" Canada, but George Brown was the Grit leader in these years. Calling George-Etienne Cartier a Grit is like calling Maurice Richard a Maple Leaf. Revisionist history is always stimulating, but this goes a bit far.

DUNCAN MCDOWALL
OTTAWA, ONTARIO

CORRECTIONS In "Painters Eleven: The Shock of the New" in the February/March 2004 edition, painter Alexandra Luke's husband, C. Ewart McLaughlin, was incorrectly identified on page 24 as the son of General Motors of Canada founder Sam McLaughlin. He was, in fact, Sam McLaughlin's first cousin. The map of the Halifax area accompanying "Internees, Evacuees, and Immigrants" on page 33 incorrectly transposed the locations of Deadman's Island and Melville Island.

More Letters The *Beaver* website offers a new section for letters to the editor. To see letters that may only be available online, go to <www.thebeaver.ca>, and click on "Extra! Extra!" to get to the "Letterbox" section.

RODNEY CHASSON

Malagawatch United Church on the move.

PRESERVATION

A journey in time

The little church that attracted national attention last fall as it floated across Cape Breton Island's Bras d'Or Lakes from Malagawatch to Iona is scheduled to welcome visitors this summer at its new location. Over the winter, the Malagawatch United Church was placed on a foundation and received a new roof and a steeple.

Built as a Presbyterian Church in 1874, then converted to a United Church in 1925, the building will serve as part of the Nova Scotia Highland Village Museum, a living history museum and cultural centre in the mostly Catholic community of Iona, in central Cape Breton.

Seeing the possibility of restoration of the church, which was only used for services once a year, the congregation agreed to the move. According to Reverend Aaron Billard, the area pastor, "More people will go through this church in one summer at the Highland Village than went through it in the past thirty years at the side of the road in Malagawatch."

The church was chosen for inclusion in the heritage village because little had been done to alter its structure or its interior. It also had a history of services being said in Gaelic.

The twenty-kilometre move over land and water presented a challenge.

"We had to maintain the integrity of the building," says Les MacIntyre, of Superport Marine Services, who partnered with Donald Matheson and Sons to move the building. "It was made of hand-hewn timber and constructed with mortise and tenon joints. There are no fastenings. The whole thing is gravity based. Any upward force could cause the joints to pop up."

Despite the wet, cold, winter weather, the uneven terrain, and the near twenty-degree incline of the last dirt road, the move was a success.

"We didn't break a pane of glass. The plaster stayed intact. We were tickled," says MacIntyre.

The Highland Village tells the story of the Gaelic-speaking Scots who left Scotland in the late 1700s and early 1800s to settle in Nova Scotia. The village consists of several period houses, each authentic, either moved to the location or taken down elsewhere and reassembled on the site. There's a schoolhouse, a general store, a forge, a carding mill, and a barn with Highland cattle. Staff in period costume teach some Gaelic and demonstrate the skills of days gone by.

To learn more about the history of the church move, visit <http://museum.gov.ns.ca/hv/church/history.html>. The Highland Village is scheduled to open for the season May 8.

—Donna D'Amour

WEBSITE OF THE MONTH

Native tongue

Like many animals and plants, (passenger pigeon, dodo, Colorado watercress, cry pansy), many of the world's aboriginal languages (Beothuk, Huron, Petun, to name some Canadian examples) have become extinct. Many, too, are endangered – on the verge of extinction. In Canada, there are an estimated fifty distinct indigenous languages, but many of them are in jeopardy – shrinking linguistic islands in a rising tide of English. Fortunately, at least as far as Canada is concerned, someone is building a dike (to continue the metaphor) to preserve the languages while there are enough fluent speakers still living. What is interesting about the web-based FirstVoices Language Archive (as it's called) is that it isn't merely a repository or a passive entertainment, but an active tool for documenting language. FirstVoices (<www.FirstVoices.com>),

LIVING HISTORY

There is something about watching a person tell a story. So much can be said through facial expressions and hand gestures – things that are lost on paper or audio recordings.

That's why Elsie K. Neufeld has taken to recording people's life stories on videotape; she believes video offers an immediacy difficult to achieve in other media, as well as an alternative storytelling vehicle for nonwriter types. And with the population becoming more technologically savvy all the time, video seems an inevitable tool for this type of communication.

With a camera set up beside her and interview questions in her lap, Elsie K. Neufeld records people's life stories.

Neufeld, a first-generation Canadian living in Abbotsford, B.C., grew up listening to stories her parents told her of the "old world": her parents emigrated from Germany in 1948, both having suffered much tragedy and loss. As a child, Neufeld disliked hearing these stories, unaware that this would be her training ground for what was to come. She devoured books as a teenager, and in college, found solace in writing. Later, she would become a published author and writing instructor, with a focus on recording life stories.

Today, Neufeld is adding videography to her long list of projects. She interviews and video-records individuals who want to document their life stories for posterity's sake. Her first recording was that of a man named John who survived the Depression, had worked as a prison guard in several B.C. penitentiaries, and was now dying of cancer. Neufeld interviewed him with the camera rolling, taking him through his life step by step. Upon reflection, John was astonished by his own story. When she asked him her final question –"What has surprised you the most about life?"– he wept as he answered, "How fast it went."

In recounting his or her life story, a teller is able to connect with past experiences, with a part of history, Neufeld says. Listeners to the story are also able to connect with that history, especially if the teller is part of their family. And by recording the story on video, it is, in a way, immortalized, ensuring easy access to it for future generations. "We live in a visually oriented society and unfortunately, many younger people are quickly bored with print," explains Neufeld. "Video is an excellent way of passing on the wisdom of elders in a succinct yet intimate form."

OLDWAYS

Spring is definitely in the air, though it may be more evident in some regions than in others. And we all know what that means – gardening season has begun. Get out the spade, hoe, and pruning shears ... it's time to smell the roses!

CANADIAN FRUIT, FLOWER, AND KITCHEN GARDENER, 1872

Our Canadian climate may not be the most favorable for lavish display of floral beauty, yet there are many beautiful things that will endure our climate, and, if it be necessary to bestow more thought and care upon the culture and protection of the trees, shrubs, and plants which we desire to have about our dwellings than is requisite in more sunny climes, this very care only heightens our enjoyment, and deepens our love for the things we thus cherish....

Everybody admires the Rose, everybody grows the Rose, but it is not everyone that grows Roses. Perfect success in the cultivation of the Rose, is the outcome of a devotion that ever burns but never consumes. Down in the depths of the heart it glows ever. Winter's snows never chill it, clouds and storms never damp its ardor. With loving tenderness the true subject waits constantly upon his Queen, never remitting his attention even in the "sere and yellow leaf," but tending her as lovingly as when budding into beauty, or glowing in all the splendor of queenly majesty. Only they who are filled with such a spirit will grow Roses....

In choosing a site for the Rose ground, it is very desirable that a place should be selected that is sheltered from the sweep of high winds. Yet in making such a selection, proximity to growing trees should be avoided, lest the tree-roots running into the Rose-ground rob the Roses of their proper nutriment....

The Rose grounds require to be open to the sun during the early part of the day, but such is the fierceness of his noon-day heat, in our climate, that the flowers, when exposed to its full power, very soon lose their freshness and become scorched and discolored. If the grounds can be selected where the shadows of buildings or tall trees will fall on them soon after mid-day, the flowers will continue much longer in their freshness and beauty....

The soil most congenial to the Rose is a well drained, clayey loam, and if abounding in lime, so much the better. It needs to be well enriched, indeed it can hardly be made too rich. In such a soil all the strong-growing Roses will luxuriate. The weaker-growing varieties will prefer a proportionably lighter soil, but a dry, gravelly soil, or a thin, sandy one, is a poor soil in which to grow fine Roses....

If the soil be very heavy and tenacious, it may be rendered more friable, and therefore better suited to the culture of anything, by burning a portion of it slowly and then returning it to the bed and thoroughly mixing it with the unburnt soil. By gathering a pile of small sticks, and intermingling with these some knotty bits or tough roots and stumps, and setting them on fire, and then covering the heap with the clay, so that the burning pile shall smoulder away slowly, the tenacious character will be taken from the clay, and it will be made an excellent fertilizer. The fire should not be allowed to burn fiercely, but clay added as often as it breaks out, and the whole kept in a state of slow combustion, after the manner of a charcoal pit. With this burnt clay may be added coarse barn-yard manure, until the soil becomes loamy and friable.

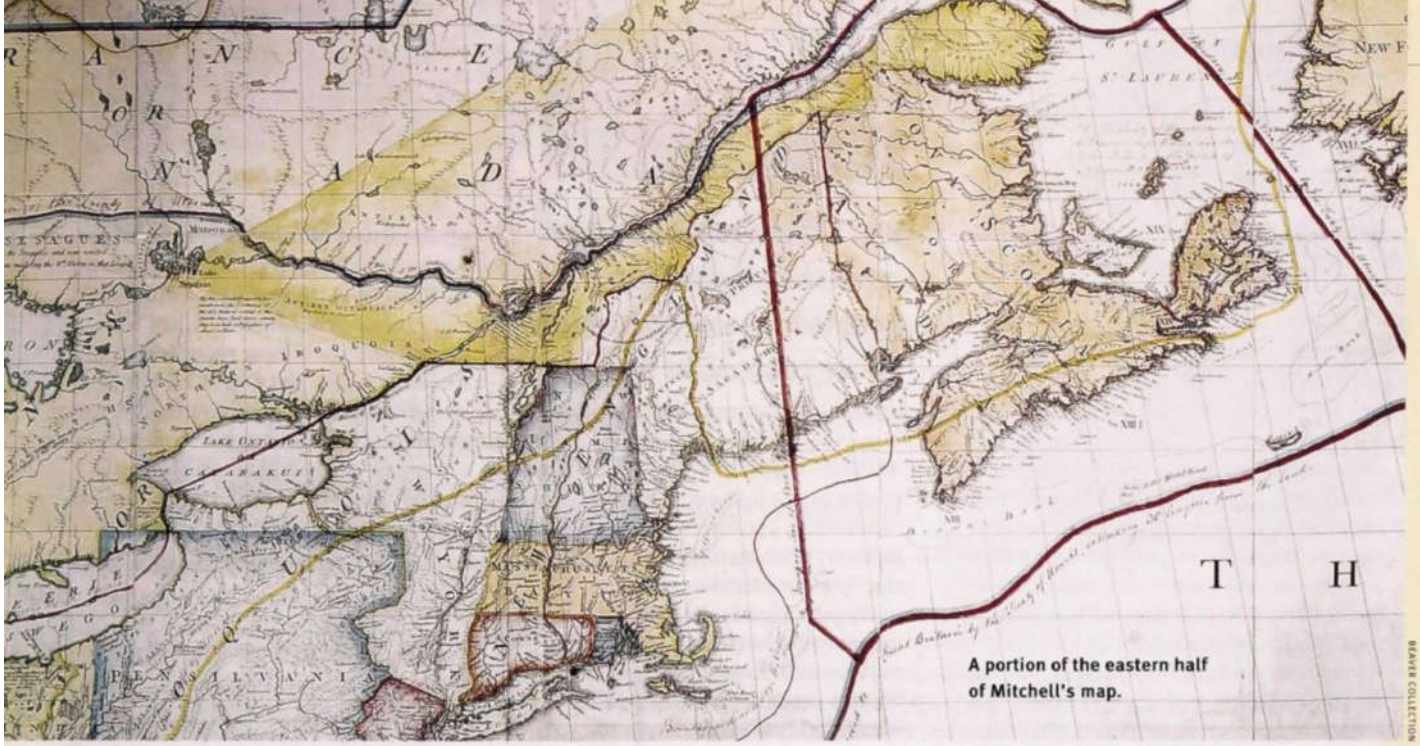
From *Canadian Fruit, Flower, and Kitchen Gardener* by D.W. Beadle. James Campbell and Son, Toronto: 1872.

MAPPERY

It is sometimes said that Mitchell's Map is the most important map in American history, though no doubt the same thing could be said about its relevance to Canadian history. The mapmaker, Virginia-born Dr. John Mitchell, a 1731 graduate of the University of Edinburgh, practised medicine and studied science in his home colony for many years before deciding in 1746 to move to London. En route, in the English Channel, he was captured by a French privateer. He was eventually freed, but being caught in the Anglo-French rivalry of the day may well have encouraged him to consider the imperfect understanding in

FACTOID

Drive, chip, putt. Golf fans have been around for more than a hundred years here in Canada, thanks to a club in Quebec. The Royal Montreal Golf Club was founded November 4, 1873. When play commenced in 1874, it became the first golf club in North America.



A portion of the eastern half of Mitchell's map.

BEAVER COLLECTION

Britain of North America's dimensions. Collecting information from contacts on the frontier, he produced a map of the continent by 1750, which brought him to the attention of highly placed officials in London who themselves realized British claims in the Maritimes and the Great Lakes regions were poorly understood. Given access to information from colonial sources, Mitchell produced in 1755 *A Map of the British and French Dominions in North America*, the most accurate, large-scale map of its time. Printed in eight sheets, assembled it measured 137 by 196 centimetres, making it the second-largest map of North America*.

Mitchell paid particular attention to assigning correct longitude and latitude, which was possible along the settled and coastal regions, even Hudson's Bay, but his accuracy diminished as he attempted to depict places still on the frontier or under French control. Thus, Mitchell's drawing of the Great Lakes became more inaccurate as he progressed west, and his cautious assertion that the Mississippi had its origins as far north as the fiftieth parallel was over 240 kilometres in error. Mitchell also inserted political details never before shown on maps, including evidence of British explorations, settlements, towns, and fortifications and the location of native American bands and their relations with the British or the French. His intention was to assert as strongly as possible British claims as the French and Indian War unfolded in the 1750s. In this he was successful. His map was used by British diplomats in the peace negotiations in 1763, during the debates over the Quebec Act in 1774, and by both British and American diplomats negotiating the end of the War of American Independence and establishing the Canadian-American border in 1783. A popular map, it had great commercial success, going through seven English editions, ten French, two Dutch, and two Italian. Though the final printing was in 1791, the map was used in boundary negotiations in Canada and the United States through the nineteenth century and into the twentieth, including the Manitoba-Ontario boundary dispute in 1871 and the Canada-Labrador boundary settlement of 1926–27.

— Francis M. Carroll

*The largest was Henry Popple's 1733 map *America Septentrioanlis: A Map of the British Empire in America with the French and Spanish Settlements adjacent thereto*, produced on twenty sheets, measuring 236 by 226 centimetres.

which is headquartered in Victoria, has begun with the Sencoten language of the Saanich people of southeastern Vancouver Island and hopes soon to have twenty groups of indigenous language recorders actively recording words and phrases. Each language collection will have an alphabet (designed like the one right to accommodate sounds for which there is no English equivalent), a dictionary, and a phrase book. If you log on, you will be able to hear Sencoten words and phrases spoken on audio clips and see the speakers on video. First Nations elders will be able to contribute vocabulary and syntax to the website, and younger people will have the opportunity to learn and engage in the revitalization of the language. The next time you're in the Victoria area, for instance, you might greet someone with "ÁL?E E SW? U ÍY OL?," the Sencoten equivalent of "Hello, how are you?" It looks unpronounceable on this page, but after a web lesson or two you should get the hang of it.

SENĆOŦEN Alphabet

A	Á	A/	B
C	C'	C/	D
E	H	I	Í
J	K	K?	K?
?	L	L?	M
N	N?	O	P
Q	S	S'	T
T/	T?	?	U
W	W?	X	X?
Y	Z	s	

PROJECT

Whodunit

Who killed William Robinson? Who, indeed. When Canadian history professors John Lutz and Ruth Sandwell raised the question in an educational website of the same name two years ago, they received an overwhelming response and won a number of awards. William Robinson, who lived in Salt Spring Island's small black community in the mid-nineteenth century, was one of three victims of a series of seemingly unconnected murders. An aboriginal man was convicted and hanged for Robinson's murder, but the trial was regarded as a sham; later evidence suggested he was not the killer. The website (<http://web.uvic.ca/history-robinson/>), though targetted at high-school and college students, was a delight for anyone who loves a mystery. (And who doesn't love a mystery?) Lutz, Sandwell, and their colleagues had amassed a vast amount of material about the murder for web detectives to wade through – diaries, letters, official correspondence, newspaper accounts, maps, drawings – allowing Sherlocks of most ages to not only conclude whodunit but, perhaps more importantly, whydunit – to understand the historical and social context for the murder.

It was the aim of Lutz and Sandwell to bring more unsolved Canadian mysteries to the unsolved-Canadian-mystery-loving public, and they've done so. This month two new intrigues await surfers of the web. The first, "The Cruel Stepmother: Whatever Happened to Aurore Gagnon?" explores the 1920 death of a twelve-year-old Quebec girl that became a *cause célèbre* in the province. The perpetrators in this case are known. Her father and stepmother killed her. More curious is why they behaved so brutally to the child and why this domestic tragedy resonated for so long for Quebeckers.

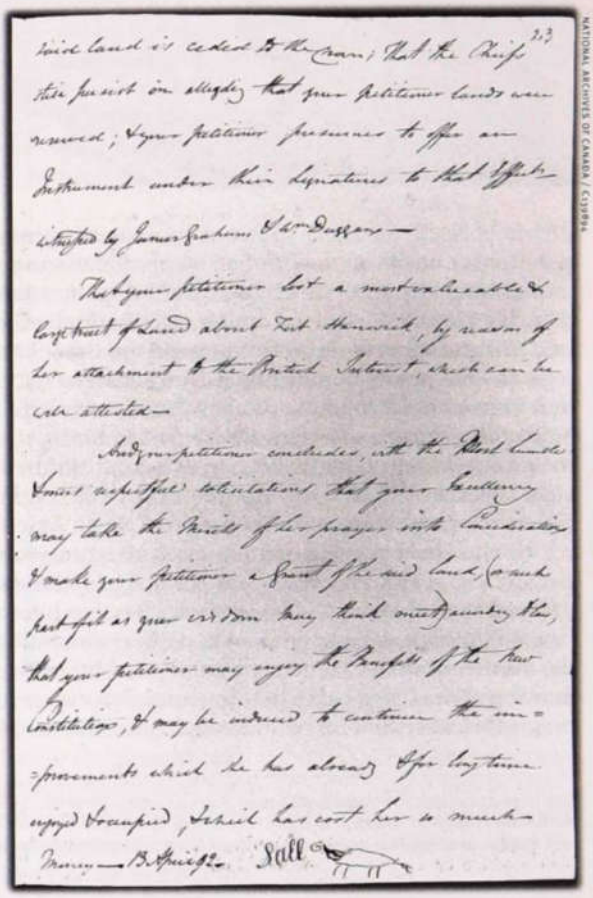
The second, "Nobody Knows His Name: Klatssasin and the Chilcotin Massacre," returns to nineteenth-century British Columbia with the little-known 1864 war between the Tsilhqot'in people and the colony, sparked by the hanging of Klatssasin and five others for the deaths of a road-building crew. Again, *why* rears its inquisitive head – why did the Tsilhqot'in attack?

Meanwhile, the project organizers are inviting proposals for further mysteries to be added to the site. More information is available at <www.canadianmysteries.ca/index_e.html>.

It is difficult to find early representation of aboriginal people in the written archives of our country. In the sea of preconfederation public records, however, one strong voice floats to the surface – that of Sally Ainse, an active trader in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries in the areas of Detroit, Michigan, and the Western District of Upper Canada. Believed to be born as early as 1728, Ainse, who at various times identified herself as Oneida or Shawnee, spent much of her adult life fighting to keep her land, which included some 150 square miles inland from the Thames River. After five failed petitions to the Land Board for the Hesse (later Western) District, Ainse took to soliciting the governor in a petition dated April 13, 1792.

Highly respected in native society, Ainse also learned to function in the white world. When purchasing lands from the Chippewa, she and the chiefs signed the deeds before white witnesses and had them recorded in the land registry at Detroit. Despite her efforts, those deeds were later ignored.

Ainse, past sixty when she petitioned the Land Board, needed to balance her anger and frustration by



NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C13984

Last page of a petition submitted to the governor by Sally Ainse in 1792. It is possible that a missionary or government official wrote the plea for her, and she signed it with her totem.

ON RECORD

Life, and history, are a continuum, a seamless texture of future becoming present becoming past. So history is a false order imposed upon an immensely complicated reality; it is an arbitrary, and doubtless haphazard, selection of what really was.

–Canada: 1874-1896, Arduous Destiny by P. B. Waite, 1971.

DESIGNATION

NHS Watch

If Miss Scarlett had decided returning to Tara after Rhett gave her the old heave-ho wasn't quite the opportunity all those voices in her head said it would be, she might very well have fit in nicely at Willowbank, a Greek revival-style mansion near the village of Queenston, Ontario. (That's if fictional characters have such volition.) Willowbank, built in

employing the negotiating skills she learned as a trader and diplomatic courier. After opening her plea for justice with the minimum salutation and stating the facts of her land claims, she concluded her petition with a call for action and her own unique signature:

> *And your petitioner concludes, with the Most humble and most respectful solicitations that your Excellency may take the Merits of her prayer into Consideration and make your petitioner a Grant of the said land, (or such part of it as your wisdom may think meet) according to law, that your petitioner may enjoy the Benefits of the New Constitution, and may be induced to continue in the improvements which she has already and for long time enjoyed and occupied, and which has cost her so much money – 13 April 92 – Sall [totemic signature of a horse].*

A postscript on the reverse offered a compromise. She would accept title to the eight lots (or 1,600 acres) which she had been bringing into cultivation – less than 2 percent of the six-by-twenty-five-mile tract bought from the Chippewa. Simcoe later approved this compromise, but Ainse never did get her land.

Our thanks to Patricia Kennedy of the National Archives of Canada, Economic and Governance Archives Division, who provided us with the information.

1834 overlooking Queenston and the Niagara River, and today one swell pile of Ionic columns with verandah and hipped roof, is now the latest national historic site as designated by the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada. Though 170 years old, the house has weathered time and change amazingly well, with nary a thought given to aluminum siding. Queenston locals hope to convert Willowbank into a school of restoration arts to teach new master craftsmen the ways of the old. More

MOMENT

MOUNT ALLISON UNIVERSITY ARCHIVES #960.063

May 25, 1875: Grace Annie Lockhart is awarded a bachelor's degree in science and English literature. She is the first woman in Canada – and the entire British Empire – to graduate from university.

Education for women in nineteenth-century Canada was, well, minimal. The duties of a woman lay not in the public forum, but at home. In the latter part of the century, however, some young women – those of more wealthy families especially – could attend private academies, convent schools, collegiate institutes, or high schools. Training at these establishments would have given them a good dose of literary study as well as extensive embroidery instruction, but no preparation for continued studies. University education was reserved for men.

Mount Allison Academy in Sackville, New Brunswick, was established initially for Methodist men, but in 1854, the school opened the first and only college for women in Canada. This seemed a natural evolution, as colleges for women had already been established in the United States. Upon completion of studies at Mount Allison Academy for Females, students received what was first called the Token of Merit and later named the MLA – Mistress of Liberal Arts.

Until 1862, the MLA marked the end of a woman's education. No universities in Canada, nor anywhere in the British Empire, had ever admitted women to their student body. But in that year, a shift was made: women were allowed access to Mount Allison University after their college studies, the MLA being considered the equivalent of about two years of university. The catch? None of these women graduated – university degrees were earned by men, not women.

Enter Dr. James R. Inch. Principal of the ladies' college, Inch declared at the 1872 convocation exercises, with the support of the proper authorities, that bachelor and master degrees would be awarded "without distinction of sex." He believed women as students were just as capable as men in their studies – a notion slowly gaining popularity in academic circles. While attitudes toward women were indeed becoming more progressive, it is quite possible that Mount Allison's financial struggles in 1872 also spurred the admission of women to the school. Admitting women would have given the school a chance to raise enrollment numbers as well as promote endowment: advocates of Mount Allison could cite the innovative policy when asking for donations.

However spawned, the new policy opened the door to university education for Canadian women. The first to take advantage of this was Grace Annie Lockhart (1855–1916). A native of Saint John, Lockhart completed most of her courses while enrolled at the ladies' academy, and attended the university in her last year of studies, graduating in 1875. Lockhart went on to teach school in her hometown. In 1881, she married Mount Allison classmate John L. Dawson, a Methodist minister, and participated in much church-related work. The two had three sons, all who attended their parents' alma mater.

On the heels of Lockhart's academic achievement came several others: Queen's University awarded its first degree to a woman in 1878, Dalhousie in 1881, and McMaster and University College in Toronto in 1884. Eventually, women from all over the country could earn university degrees.

Our thanks to Mary Baker for providing us with information on this subject.

WILLOWBANK HERITAGE ESTATE

information is available at <www.willowbank.ca>.

Meanwhile, despite the efforts of the Willowbank folks and people like them, Canada's historic sites are generally in parlous state, according to Sheila Fraser, Canada's auditor general. In her February assessment of Canada's cultural heritage, Fraser said that more than two-thirds of Canada's historic sites administered by Parks Canada and federal heritage buildings are in "poor to fair condition." According to the audit, the value of federal spending on historic parks and other heritage resources had dropped by 22 per cent over the decade, measured in constant 1990-91 dollars. One of the worst cases lies 240 kilometres northeast of Queenston, at Fort Henry in Kingston. Built in the early nineteenth century to protect against American invasion, the fort, the audit warns, will have to be closed to the public in two years without serious attention.

Take the day off

April 17: To commemorate the launch in 1851 at Saint John, New Brunswick, of the *Marco Polo*, for a time the fastest ship in the world. Set a record.

April 29: To note Guillaume Couillard-Lespinay's use of the plow in 1628, the first person in Canada to do so. Dites après moi: Il faut cultiver notre jardin.

May 8: To observe the first train robbery in Canada, in 1906, near Kamloops by Bill Miner and his gang. Put your hands up. And keep them up. You heard me.

May 10: To mark the move of Canada's capital in 1844 from Kingston to Montreal, where it remained for five years. Rent a U-haul.

ARTIFACT

Family history tells us that in 1860, Mrs. A.W. Ogilvie (née Saray Leney) wore this silk satin dress to a ball given in

honour of the Prince of Wales and had the distinction of dancing with His Royal Highness. The young Prince Edward's Canadian tour included stops in Montreal for the inauguration of the Victoria Bridge, and in Ottawa to lay the cornerstone of the Parliament buildings. Indeed, Mrs. Ogilvie's husband is listed in the *Montreal Gazette* as among the two thousand gentlemen presented to the prince at a levee held in Montreal as part of the festivities. Alexander Walker Ogilvie was a prominent member of Montreal's industrial middle class and was founder of A.W. Ogilvie & Co., a consortium of millers and grain merchants that became one of the country's most enterprising flour-milling operations.

The Ogilvie dress consists of a skirt and two separate bodices, one that was low-necked and short-sleeved, intended for a formal evening occasion such as a ball, and a second made to be worn with a long-sleeved and high-necked lace underbodice and intended for afternoon receptions. In an era where the cost of fabric could far exceed that of producing a dress, two bodices were frequently made to enable a woman to get the most mileage out of her fabric investment in the voluminous skirt.

Plaid and tartan silks were high fashion by the 1860s following Queen Victoria's enthusiasm for them after she acquired Balmoral Castle in 1852. Specific tartan designs had begun to be associated with particular clans as of the 1820s; in 1842 the publication of the legendary *Vestiarium Scoticum* crystallized the designs of seventy-eight clan tartans, including one designated as Ogilvie, which greatly resembles that of the McCord dress fabric. (Later this version came to be known as Ogilvie Hunting tartan.) A divergence from the pattern in the weft or crosswise direction would appear to be a necessity inherent in executing a tartanlike design in satin weave, as opposed to the twill weave that is the hallmark of a true tartan. Silk satin, however, would have a higher sheen under the gas light at a ball, perhaps justifying the inaccuracy.

Through his fashionably attired wife, the Canadian-born A.W. Ogilvie proclaimed not only his social class and aspirations, but his pride in his Scottish heritage, borne out by his becoming president of the St. Andrew's Society a decade later. Mrs. Ogilvie's dress tells the tale of a Victorian wife who, as was expected, upheld her husband's identity and ambitions through the means appropriate to a woman's sphere.

Further information is available from the McCord Museum, <www.mccord-museum.qc.ca>.

Terrence Gordon on

Marshall McLuhan and What He Was Doin'

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA 115195

Marshall McLuhan's *Understanding Media* had no sooner appeared in 1964 than the author was on his way to fresh insights about how media create new human environments. As he surged ahead, refining his own thinking, readers of *Understanding Media* began to discover what he had already thought out. Forty years later, the book still offers a challenging invitation to begin a voyage of intellectual discovery. The book's relentless blizzard of ideas illustrates one of its own key points: faced with information overload, the mind must resort to pattern recognition to achieve understanding. From the vortex of *Understanding Media* ten ideas surface to unify the work.

Medium redefined. We instinctively think of media as those that bring us the news: press, radio, and television. McLuhan thought of a medium as an extension of our bodies or minds: clothing is an extension of skin, housing is an extension of the body's heat mechanism. The stirrup, the bicycle, and the car extend the human foot. The computer extends our central nervous system. A medium, or a technology, can be *any* extension of the human being.

Media operate in pairs, one effectively "containing" another. The pairs can operate in tandem; so, telegraph contains the printed word, which contains writing, which contains speech. In this way, the contained medium is the message of the containing one. This typical interaction of media is not generally noticed by users, but its effects are extremely powerful, according to McLuhan, so much so that any message, in the ordinary sense of "content" or "information," is dwarfed by the medium itself. In this sense, "the medium is the message."

There are exceptions to media working in pairs. McLuhan finds two. In the example given above, speech is the content of writing, but one may ask what the content of speech is. His answer is that speech contains thought. Here the chain of media ends. Thought is nonverbal and pure process.

Media are powerful agents of change in how we experience the world, how we interact with each other, how we use our physical senses – the same senses that media extend. They must be studied for their *effects*, because their interaction obscures those effects and deprives us of the control required to use media effectively.

McLuhan teaches that new media do not so much replace each other as complicate each other. The technology of mankind in the age of acoustic space – the technology from which writing, print, and telegraph developed – was speech. Transformed into writing, speech lost the quality that made it part of the culture of acoustic space. It acquired a powerful visual bias, producing carryover effects in social and cultural organization that endure to the present.

McLuhan's classification of media hinges on the contrast between well-defined, sharp, solid, detailed forms of sensory input and those that require the senses to fill in what is missing. This is the basis of the contrast between hot and cool media:

Hot Media	Cool Media
radio	telephone
print	speech
photographs	cartoons
movies	television
lecture	seminar

The myth of Narcissus. In discussing the myth of Narcissus, McLuhan begins by pointing out the common misrepresentation in which Narcissus is said to have fallen in love with *himself*. In fact, it was his inability to recognize his image that brought him to grief. He succumbed to the same numbing effect that all technologies produce, if the user does not scrutinize their operation. Technologies create new environments, the new environments create pain, and the body's nervous system shuts down to block the pain.

Another dimension to the transition. In the case of Narcissus, a new medium both extends and amputates the hu-

Opinions expressed in Explorations are the author's own, and do not necessarily reflect those of the *Beaver*.

man body; McLuhan finds another dimension of opposing effects accompanying the transition from mechanical to electronic technologies. This transition has involved a relentless acceleration of all human activity, so extensive that the expansionist pattern associated with the older technology now conflicts with the contracting energies of the new one. Explosion (whether of population or knowledge) has reversed into implosion, because electronic technology has created a global village where knowledge must be synthesized instead of being splintered into isolated specialties.

McLuhan's analysis identifies the effects of media in all areas of society and culture, but the starting point is always the individual, since media are defined as technological extensions of the body. As a result, McLuhan often puts his questions and conclusions in terms of the ratio between our physical senses (the extent to which we depend on them relative to each other) and what happens when that ratio is modified. Any such modifications inevitably involve a psychological dimension. In this respect, they point to the inadvisability of a rigid separation of the physical from the psychological, perhaps in all analysis, but especially for an understanding of McLuhan's teachings.

Western culture fragments, hybridizes, transforms. Western culture, with its phonetic literacy, when transplanted to oral, nonliterate cultures, fragments their tribal organization and produces the prime example of media hybridization and its potent transforming effects. At the same time, electricity has transformed Western culture, dislocating its visual, specialist, fragmented orientation in favor of oral and tribal patterns.

The world responded to *Understanding Media* with reactions covering the spectrum from raves to rage. In between came disappointment (from readers who assumed that the entire book was devoted to the media of mass communication, only to find McLuhan ranging in twenty chapters over such topics as numbers and clothing, housing and money, clocks and weapons) and much serious misunderstanding (most famously from Jonathan Miller and Umberto Eco). The hapless professor of communication, excoriated in Woody Allen's *Annie Hall* by McLuhan (played by himself), for making a hash of McLuhan's ideas, may have had any number of clones in real life. For McLuhan attracted attention far and wide – indeed, on an improbable scale for a hawker of rarefied intellectual wares.

Was it his ideas or McLuhan himself and his provocative way? The question defies an answer, because McLuhan never separated his ideas from his style, his percepts from the provocative probes that embodied them. These probes, beginning with *the medium is the message*, remained his preferred tool for intellectual inquiry and remind us still that he never sought to isolate the concepts behind words but to integrate them as percepts.

If we ask what was McLuhan's unique and enduring contribution to twentieth-century thought, it is important to go beyond the facile reply that he foresaw videocassettes (he called them "television platters"), the Internet, and, by implication, much else in our electronic age. The question is best answered in terms of the objectives that McLuhan set for his own vast and integrated program of intellectual inquiry. He said repeatedly that he was concerned about the world moving into the twenty-first century with nineteenth-century perceptions. The clear implication, given the scope of *Understanding Media*, is that the *impact* of twentieth-century technology was not understood, as it evolved in its increasing complexity, and that the prospect of achieving any such understanding depends on viewing media in their relation to each other. In providing a basis for such a perspective, McLuhan established his place among twentieth-century thinkers and became, at the same time, the first educator to issue a challenge for wholesale educational reform, based on a unique definition of media as extensions of our physical bodies and sensory lives.

In the decade following the publication of the first edition of *Understanding Media*, McLuhan's star continued to shine. His subsequent disappearance from public view, as illness took its toll, may have left a void, but by then the academic world, at least, was in thrall to postmodernism and deconstruction. It would be years before any serious inquiry would be made into McLuhan's place in intellectual history (S.D. Neill's *Clarifying McLuhan* appeared in 1993, Judith Stamps's *Unthinking Modernity: Innis, McLuhan, and the Frankfurt School* in 1995, Glenn Willmott's *McLuhan, or Modernism in Reverse* in 1996.) But McLuhan's place had long since been assured and his influence clearly stamped on programs in media studies around the world.

Do his ideas hold up today? If we survey those ideas as articulated in his books over nearly four decades (*The Mechanical Bride* was first published in 1951; *Laws of Media* was published posthumously with his son Eric in 1988), we discover that McLuhan issued a challenge in the latter volume, inviting readers to find any technology to which the four interlocking laws of media* developed in the book do not apply *or* to find any instance where a full and accurate description of the operation of a medium requires an addition to the four laws. If any such discovery has been made, the discoverer has hidden her light under the proverbial bushel.

McLuhan said that most people want desperately not to know what is happening to them. If that state of affairs is changing, and there is some reason to believe it is, then his signposts to what is happening are as timely as ever.

W. Terrence Gordon is the author of *Escape into Understanding*, a biography of Marshall McLuhan, *McLuhan for Beginners*, and the editor of the critical edition of *Understanding Media* (Gingko Press, 2003).

*Extension, obsolescence, retrieval, and reversal. Every medium is an extension of our physical being (or an older medium), every new medium makes older media and the forms of social organization around them obsolete in some respect, every medium retrieves some features of older environments or older forms of action and human organization, and every medium, when overextended, can either take on the opposite of its original features or create the opposite of its intended function.

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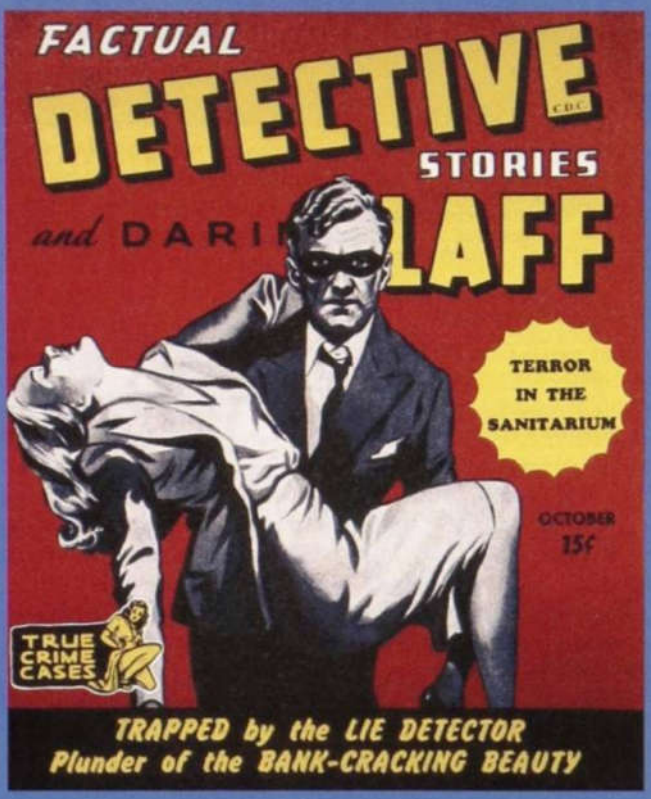

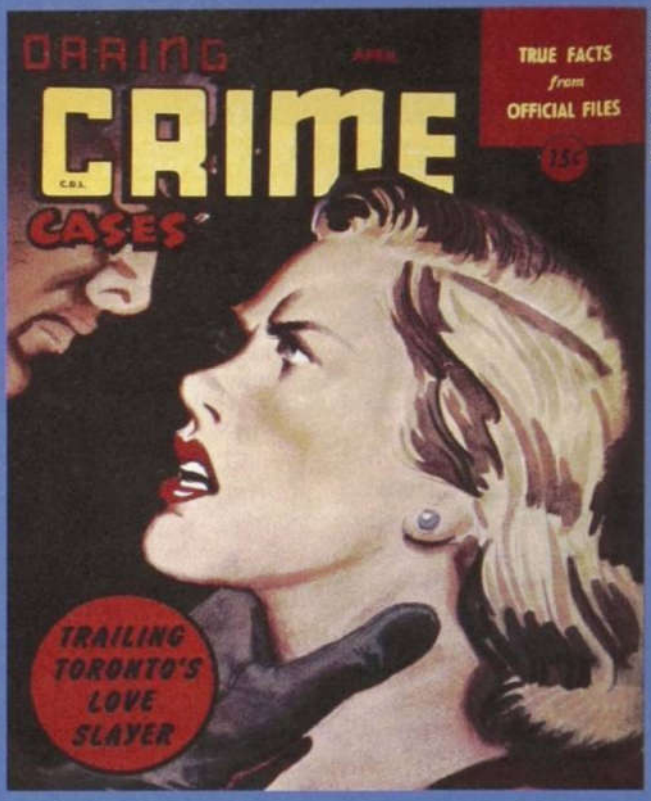

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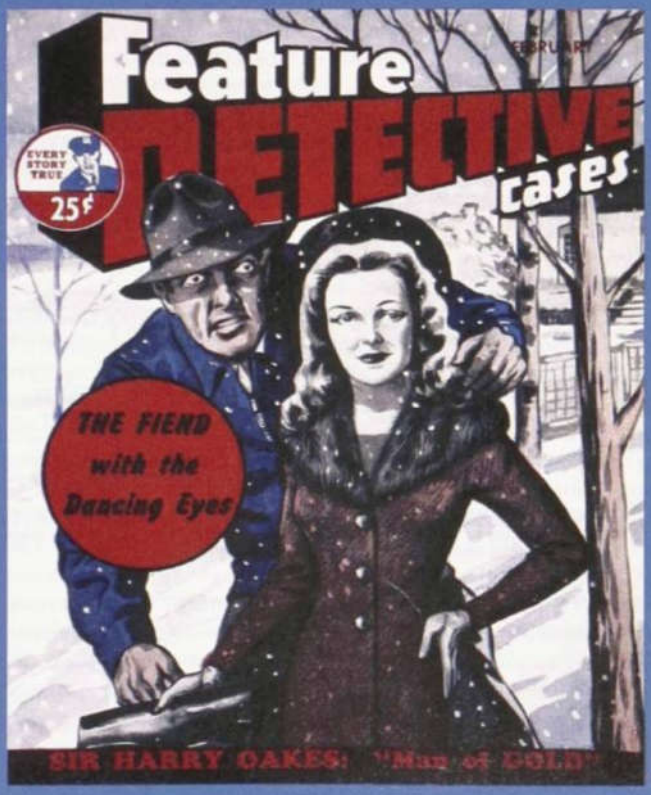
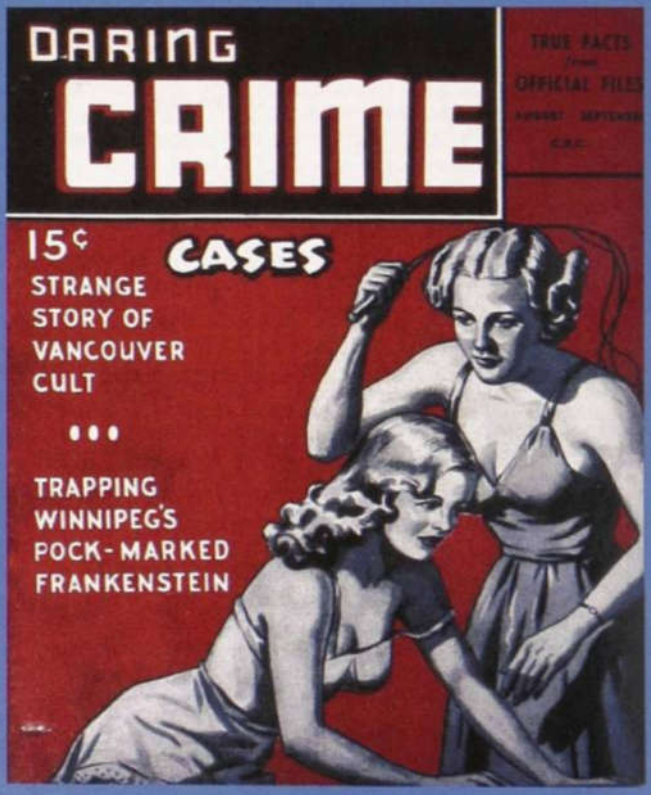
For a time in the 1940s, Canadians produced their own versions of that brazen American mass-market staple – the pulp magazine. The lurid covers, the hardboiled detectives, the femme fatales – they were all there. But with a uniquely Canadian twist.

by Carolyn Strange and Tina Loo



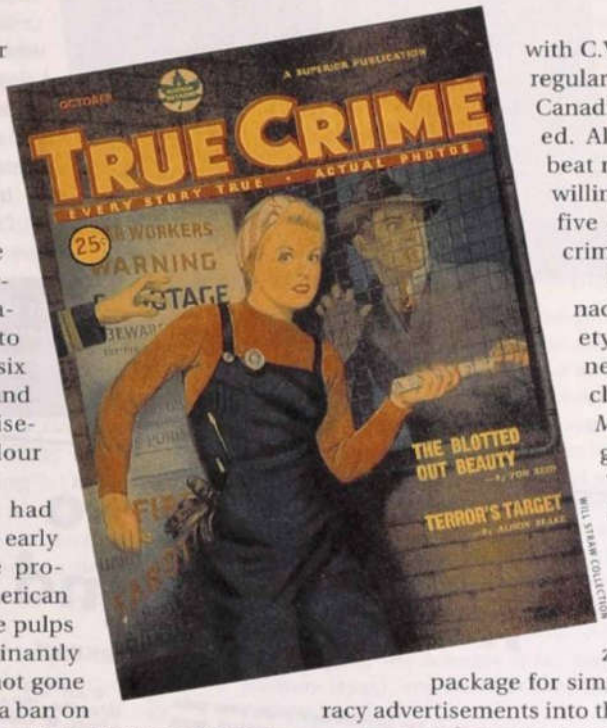


Maple Leaf Pulps

Tom Bassoff, unregenerate and defiant, mounted the scaffold in the snow-swept courtyard and with a snarl still on his lips plunged downward to his doom.

—Philip H. Godsell, "Murder in the Crow's Nest Pass," *Feature Detective Cases*, April 1943

Neither the author nor the publication is likely to ring a bell today. Sixty years ago, however, thousands of Canadians regularly picked up issues of *Feature Detective Cases* (or other monthlies like *Daring Crimes* and *Scoop Detective*) at newsstands and train stations. Loyal readers knew what to expect: a dazzling cover, five or six stories about murders or heists, and a generous sprinkling of advertisements for anything from off-colour joke books to steak knives.



Although pulp magazines had been popular in Canada from the early 1930s, most publications were produced in the U.S., drawing on American and sometimes British cases. The pulps might have remained a predominantly American art form had Canada not gone to war, one product of which was a ban on the importation of nonessential goods, including pulp magazines. The War Exchange Conservation Act (1940) prohibited foreign periodicals featuring "detective, sex, western and alleged true or confession stories." Canadian publishers like Toronto's Al Valentine and the Ruby brothers (Mo and Lou) spied an opportunity to tap into a ready market. Previously publishers and distributors of cheap books, comics, and scandal sheets, the rivals quickly retooled to add pulp magazines to their rosters.

Canadian-based writers, including Philip Godsell, along with C.V. Tench and W.W. Bride, became regular contributors as the demand for Canadian true crime suddenly expanded. Along with moonlighting crime-beat reporters, they catered to readers willing to part with fifteen or twenty-five cents for a taste of real crimes, criminals, and lawmen.

Prior to the 1940s, stories of Canadian criminals appeared in a variety of formats, including local newspapers and scandal sheets, classy book collections (such as *Murders and Mysteries*), and a genre of dime novels known as "northerns." Like Westerns, they featured quintessentially Canadian locations (the lonesome Arctic) and those redoubtable Canadian characters, the Mounties. True-crime magazines provided a cheaper, slimmer package for similar fare, adding sexy covers and racy advertisements into the mix.

In most respects the Canadian true-crime pulps resembled (and brazenly copied) established American narrative formulas and visual formats. The covers were eye-popping, the cases almost invariably concerned murders, and the plots turned on the efforts of police officers and detectives to track down killers. Less obvious, and tellingly Canadian, was the conservative morality in true-crime stories. In the world of the pulps, crime did not pay, and writers were paid to make that crystal clear.

The lawman's view of crime and criminals prevailed in

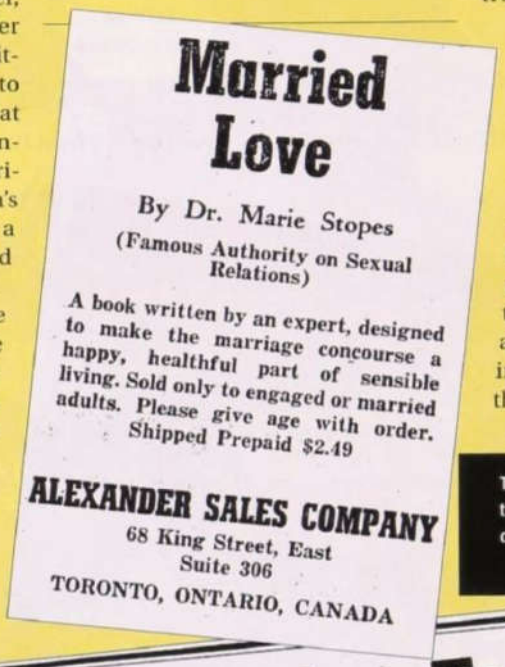
The covers of Canadian pulps may have owed much to their American originals, but they at least promised local content, whether it was the story of a Vancouver cult, Winnipeg's "pock-marked Frankenstein," Toronto's "love slayer," or Sir Harry Oakes, the wealthy Canadian mine-owner who was murdered in the Bahamas in 1943. The cover of *Feature Detective Cases* even parades a quintessentially Canadian element unlikely to be found on any American counterpart – snow.

Canadian pulps of the 1940s. There were no unsolved mysteries or bungled cases, and no stories that featured criminals who evaded justice. Such was the unwritten moral code that bound the industry. Editors made writers adhere to it: "It is rather difficult to justify murder, and when no punishment whatsoever follows," one advised a prospective writer, "then we have to figure out a way to overcome it." More often than not that meant sticking to stories of eye-for-an-eye justice – not at the hands of American-style vigilantes but of Canada's police and courts. If editors expected a moral for every story, they also insisted that that morality be black and white.

Nevertheless, the code of true crime was only *selectively* moral. The same editors who insisted that true-crime stories send out the "crime does not pay" message had no qualms about relying (and cashing in on) racist and sexist stereotypes. Just as wartime propaganda demonized Canada's enemies, so too did the pulps. Racial profiling wasn't a dirty term in the 1940s; in every story race provided a shorthand explanation for certain sorts of people's propensity to commit certain types of crimes. Anglo Canadians and Northern Europeans were smart and cool-headed in the pulps (unless addled by drink or maddened by temptresses); Southern and Eastern Europeans and francophones were brutish and lusty; Americans were greedy and sharp; and native peoples were prone to be passionate and uncivilized. The cops who brought them to justice were a breed apart: they were straight shooters to a man, with names like Lawson and Macdonald.

If the pulps pandered to existing racial and ethnic prejudices, they also reinforced commonly held views about gender. Men could be heroes and villains, while women could only be victims or vixens. Nowhere were these gender stereotypes clearer than on the magazine covers. Women were provocatively or barely dressed, on the lookout for trouble or about to step into danger. Whenever they appeared respectably dressed, they had "victim" written all over them. While all of the cover women were long-haired and beautiful, men were plain looking, typically wearing suits. Unlike crime comics and adventure stories, which often pictured bare-chested he-men, true-crime cover men were usually fully clothed (or uniformed, in the case of police officers). They appeared in classic villain poses (choking or knifing women, or dragging them off) or as victims of gun-toting or

Books that readers would never have dared to request in respectable shops could be theirs for only a few dollars.


Married Love
By Dr. Marie Stopes
(Famous Authority on Sexual Relations)
A book written by an expert, designed to make the marriage concourse a happy, healthful part of sensible living. Sold only to engaged or married adults. Please give age with order.
Shipped Prepaid $2.49
ALEXANDER SALES COMPANY
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The pulps were also a place to link advertisers of sexual products and services with consumers who sought discretion.

How To Meet Men and Marry
By JULIET FARNHAM
This book goes far beyond any book ever published. It is the frankest, most practical book for women ever written.
What should the Pre-Marriage relationship be?
Do you have trouble in holding your dates?
Do you know how to turn new acquaintances into a romance?
Do you find difficulty in meeting new men?
What keeps men from marrying?
These and hundreds of other questions are answered, not in generalities but in specific detail.
WAR and MAN . . . What new angles enter into the "WAR OF THE SEXES" with the advent of Global War?
Here are new obstacles to overcome, the allure of European women, how to maintain the interest of your man when he is overseas.
Mrs. Juliet Farnham shows a brilliant insight —the outcome of deep study—into the problems of romance and gives clear, plain and simple answers to all its varied problems.
Women—You have the weapons, learn to use them.
Get the answers to your ROMANCE PROBLEMS in this brilliantly written book.
SHIPPED PREPAID $2.49
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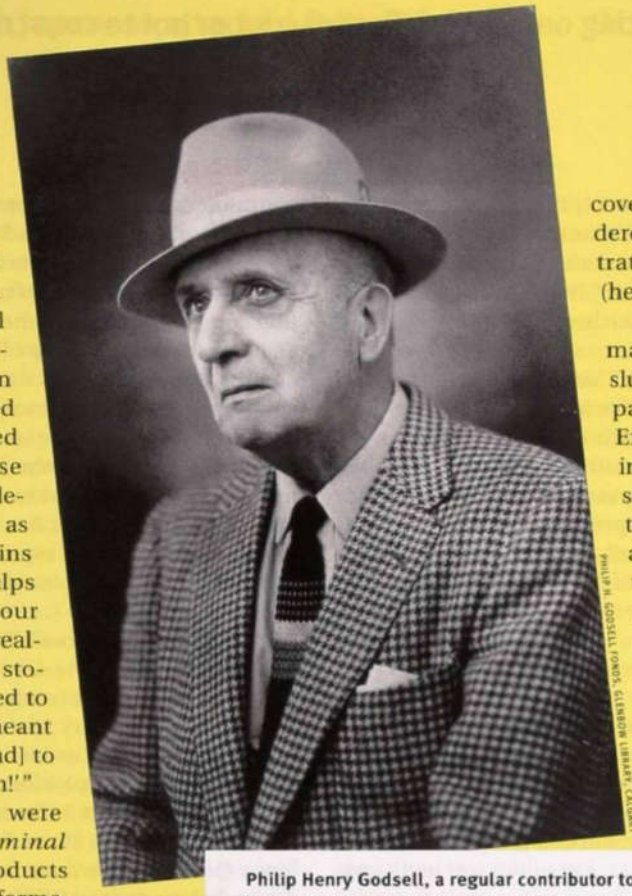
SUITE 304
TORONTO, ONTARIO, CANADA

blade-wielding *femmes fatales*.

Yet the daring visuals on true-crime covers far exceeded the liberties taken in the text. True-crime publishers were well aware that stepping over the censorship line could shut down their businesses. So they censored themselves. Editors reminded writers that references to "loose women" and "the so-called sacrilegious element" could bring heat, as could any profanity. This explains why the dialogue in 1940s pulps sounds stilted and artificial to our ears. Even writers of the 1940s realized that this compromised the stories' credibility. As Godsell griped to an editor, fears of censorship meant his "hard-boiled roughnecks [had] to say 'Goodness!' instead of 'Damn!'"

Nevertheless publishers were happy to violate Canada's *Criminal Code* when it came to the products they advertised. Distributing information concerning birth control was still illegal, but no true-crime issue was complete without ads for texts like *The Encyclopaedia of Sexual Knowledge* ("sold only to those over twenty-one, and delivered in brown paper wrapping"). Of course, this assurance (along with warnings, such as "Not for Goody Goods") added to an item's transgressive appeal: books that readers would never have dared to request in respectable shops could be theirs for only a few dollars.

In contrast to the in-your-face heterosexuality of the covers, and the "how-to" explicitness of the advertisements, stories dealing with sex crimes – a staple of today's "stranger danger" true crime – appeared only by the late 1940s. Writers stuck to the police procedural formula and steered clear of details about the victim's wounds or their suffering. So easily sensationalized, even homosexual rape-murders of children were described elliptically as the crimes of "perverts." Nor did Canadian true-crime stories (unlike contemporary film noir) link sex murders to the heartlessness of modern urban life. Because each of the cases chosen for publication involved wholesome Anglo-Celtic youth, writers assured readers that the victims were blameless. Neither working girls, like Ruth Taylor, who was sexually assaulted and killed in Toronto after leaving work late one rainy night, nor Barbara Smith, a fifteen-year-old Winnipegger, who suffered a brutal attack on her way home from the pictures, resembled the sexually aggressive dames on the pulp covers. Any judgments writers rendered were reserved for the perpetrators (evil) and their captors (heroic).



Philip Henry Godsell, a regular contributor to Canadian true-crime magazines in the 1940s, was also an occasional contributor to the *Beaver*. Born in Scotland in 1889, Godsell joined the Hudson's Bay Company in 1906 as an apprentice clerk in the fur trade at York Factory and spent the next twenty years with the HBC. Described in 1912 by a detractor as "an apparently gossipy, rather brash and supercilious young man ... with ambitions to become a writer," Godsell published a number of books about his years in the North, including *Arctic Trader* (1934), *Red Hunters of the Snows* (1938), *The Romance of the Alaska Highway* (1944), and *Pilots of the Purple Twilight* (1955).

The true-crime Canadian pulp magazine business began to slump by the late 1940s, thanks in part to the repeal of the War Exchange Conservation Act. The industry petered out as a result of several factors: renewed competition with the U.S. was one, but a more significant development was the appearance of the paperback. Cheap and even racier than the magazines, the paperback sounded the death knell of the pulps in the United States as well as Canada. Canadian content did not disappear but emerged in other formats, including nationally distributed scandal sheets, such as *Flash* and *Police Patrol*. The market for high-minded police procedurals quickly shrank once cynical and sexually frank hardboiled detective novels began to hit drugstore kiosks. With their stilted style and rigid moralism, magazines like *Factual Detective*, popular in the 1940s, seemed old-fashioned and preachy only a decade later.

In this changed publishing market, writers like Philip Godsell were reduced by the 1950s to writing for lowbrow men's magazines, such as bodybuilding magnate Joe Weider's *Mr. America*. Although Weider thought that his readers still enjoyed good crime stories featuring Mounties and Indians, he was willing to offer only $75 for them. Gone were the days when Godsell could get $350 or $400 for a Canadian pulp story. Gone too was the golden age of the Canadian true-crime pulps.

Carolyn Strange has published extensively on crime and justice, specializing in the history of capital and corporal punishment. She teaches at the Centre of Criminology, University of Toronto. Tina Loo holds a Canada Research Chair at the Department of History, University of British Columbia. Their book *True Crime, True North: The Golden Age of Canadian Pulp Magazines* is published by Raincoast Books.

Mackenzie King was sitting on a fence. To conscript or not to conscript? He needed a little push.

by Norm and Carol Hall

At a Crucial Hour: The Attack on Estevan Point

On the morning of June 21, 1942, Canadians were jolted awake by the news that one of their worst wartime nightmares had become reality in British Columbia. "Two Japanese Subs Off Coast!" screamed the headlines of the Victoria *Daily Times*.

Ever since Pearl Harbour, West Coast residents in particular had been jittery about a possible Japanese attack on their own shores, often sighting "submarines" that turned out to be whales or submerged logs. Now, although details under the Ottawa dateline were sketchy, Canadians across the country were stunned to read that on the previous evening, the lighthouse at Estevan Point had actually been shelled by at least one hostile submarine. Minister of Defence John Layton Ralston confirmed the attack at a press conference, stating that "From the rate at which the shells were fired it would appear that there were possibly two enemy craft involved."

Most Canadians, even in B.C., had never heard of Estevan Point before. (It lies about halfway up the rugged and largely uninhabited west coast of Vancouver Island.) They were even less aware of the existence of the lonely lighthouse station located there. But one thing was clear: for the first time since the War of 1812, Canadian soil had come under enemy fire.

All across the country, Canadians were understandably alarmed by this hostile incident on their doorstep. But for Prime Minister William Lyon Mackenzie King, news of the attack couldn't have come at a better time.

By the middle of 1942, King was in the middle of a conscription crisis. Even before Canada entered the conflict on September 10, 1939, he had promised "no overseas conscription" should war come. The deep divisions caused by the conscription crisis of 1917 had not fully healed, and King believed that conscription for another European conflict would lead to civil war and the breakup of the nation.

The early months of the war, however, were a stalemate, commonly called the Phony War. Pro-conscription pressure on King did not increase until the fall of France in June 1940, which left Britain and the Empire alone facing Hitler's war machine. That month, reluctantly, he brought in the National Resources Mobilization Act, authorizing compulsory military service – but limiting it explicitly to home defence. NMRA conscripts became known as "zombies" for their perceived non-active role in the war.

But the war widened. The Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour December 7, 1941, brought the U.S. in; later that month, two Canadian volunteer infantry battalions were butchered in Hong Kong. In January 1942, with calls growing to rescind the no-overseas-conscription clause of the NRMA, King announced a national plebiscite.

Results of the April 27 vote were 63.7% and nine provinces for conscription, 36.3% and one province – Quebec – against. Since Quebec, on whose votes the federal Liberals heavily depended, had voted 71.2% no, King was caught in a dilemma. If he didn't soon order conscription he would be subverting democracy and guaranteeing the defeat of his party. If he did order overseas conscription, he'd lose Quebec, guarantee the defeat of his party, and – in his own mind, possibly in reality – plunge the nation into prolonged and bloody civil con-

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flict. A month later, conceding the inevitability of amending the NMRA, King told his cabinet that Parliament, not the Liberal Party, would be responsible for the decision. His cabinet, however, remained divided, with several members threatening resignation.

On June 10, 1942, the House was set to consider Bill 80, which would allow unlimited conscription under the NMRA – but only if the war situation became serious enough to require it. King made his famous speech: "Not necessarily conscription, but conscription if necessary."

By June 19 heated debate was in full swing.

The next day Estevan Point was fired on from the sea with about twenty-five shells, all of which missed. When King received the news June 21, he declared it "the first time in this war that our country has been attacked on land. ... It only goes to bear out what has been said so often that no one can take too seriously both the immediacy and the extent of the danger with which all parts of the world are confronted, and at this time our own part in particular."

Conscription "if necessary" was now crystal clear, even to Quebec. Bill 80 passed second reading on July 7 by a vote of 158 to 54. King had his cake and ate it, too: there was conscription and there were no street riots or even irreparable divisions in Parliament. Although forty-five Quebec MPs voted against Bill 80 on principle, all could live with the reality of the new situation. Theoretically, zombies could be sent overseas. But given the clear and present danger, it was more important than ever to keep them at home – for coastal defence.

The timing of the submarine attack seems like a stroke of phenomenal luck for Mackenzie King, the Liberal Party, and, possibly, even the continued unity of Canada.

Or was the timing a little too perfect?

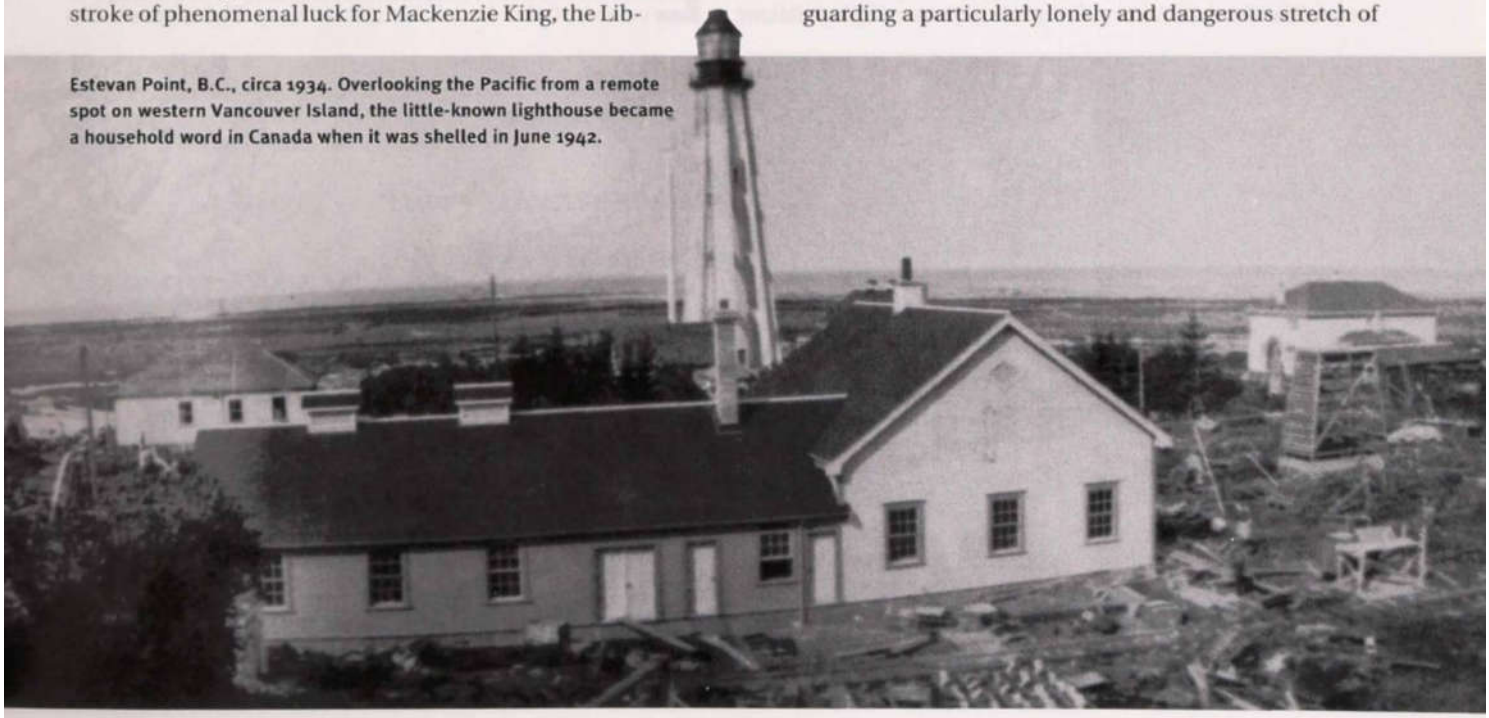
Who shelled Estevan Point? To the Canadian government, the case is closed. Today, the official version remains as stated in 1982: "There is no doubt in the Department of National Defence regarding the shelling of Estevan Point Lighthouse. It was definitely done by the Japanese submarine I-26."

Although it was the first attack on Canadian soil in more than a hundred years, many detailed histories don't mention the incident at all. The *Encyclopedia of British Columbia*, for one, hedges its bets: "Some claim that on 20 June 1942 a Japanese submarine fired on the light; if it is true, Estevan Point is the only place in Canada to come under enemy fire during either world war."

Why the indifference and ambiguity?

Eyewitness evidence not made public at the time of the incident – or for forty years afterward – raised more questions than it answered. How did two submarines, as reported by the Victoria *Daily Times* the day after the attack, officially become just one? Was one of the "possibly two enemy craft" cited by Defence Minister Ralston something other than a submarine? If so, how was a Japanese surface warship able to sail undetected so close to the North American coast during wartime? Trying to reconcile various conflicting reports only raises an even more provocative question: were both vessels something other than Japanese?

The remoteness of the lighthouse at Estevan Point, guarding a particularly lonely and dangerous stretch of



Estevan Point, B.C., circa 1934. Overlooking the Pacific from a remote spot on western Vancouver Island, the little-known lighthouse became a household word in Canada when it was shelled in June 1942.

Robert Lally's sighting of a dim white light was confirmed by several Hesquiat band members who

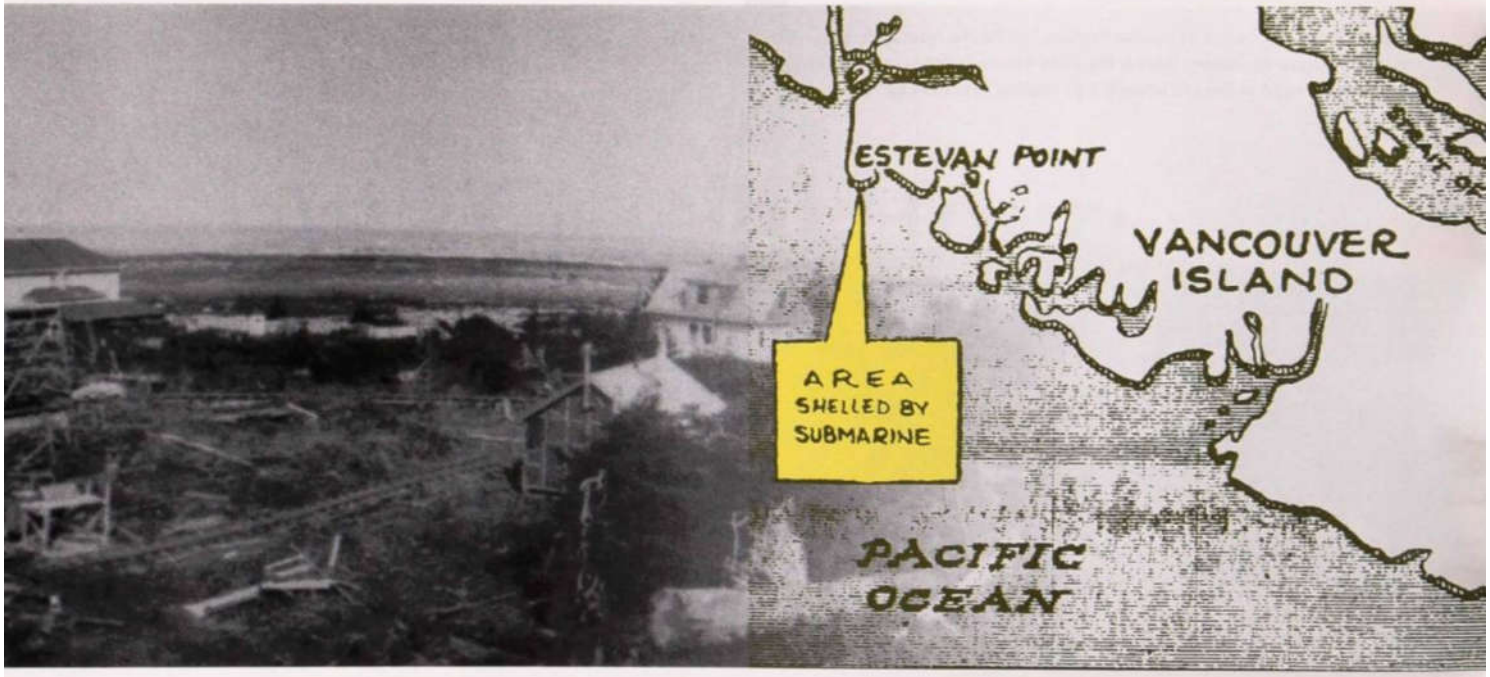
Vancouver Island's rocky west coast, is undisputed. At the time of the incident, the nearest safe landing even for small boats was at the First Nations village of Hesquiat, eight kilometres away by plank road. Because of its nonstrategic location (except for local traffic), the tower was not blacked out for the war.

According to his own daily log for June 20, 1942, lighthouse keeper Robert "Mike" Lally came down from the tower at 9:25 P.M. after turning on a light. With the solstice nigh, the sun was low, but not yet sunk. Lally strolled around the tower, casually looking out to sea. He saw a smokescreen on the horizon; from it a warship soon became visible, zigzagging toward the point. Lally assumed it was part of the regular Canadian or American patrols often seen offshore.

At about 10:15, the ship Lally had been watching began firing at the shore. He immediately raced back up the 150 steps of the lighthouse, turned off the light, and remained on the tower's catwalk to jot down this eyewitness account:

> *Sighted warship on horizon SW light zig-zagging under heavy smoke screen. Time 9:25 P.M. Hostile warships shelled station. First shot "Marker" time 10 hrs. 14 min 30 Sec P.M. Put light out in tower 10:17 P.M. (on my own, no instructions). First salvo arrived crashed in front of light. 600 yards. Took up observation on landing outside lantern. Observed flashes from hostile batteries on horizon. (Second marker arrived 400 yards out. Second salvo arrived) Crashed 500 yards in front (Shots in line) (He is trying to stagger us) Shells falling faster and more in number. 3rd marker exploded 200 to 300 yards in front of light followed by a salvo from both barbettes on hostile warship on horizon exploded with terrific force tower shook. Three windows broke in lantern. (Stones flying and broken rock). Pieces of timber, etc. Six salvos fired in front light. Then he sent one salvo over. Made terrible racket like freight trains passing over bridge. Driving band must have tore off one of the shells for it started to "growl". Started down tower. Shells exploded about 1/4 mile in bush. Saw flashes from explosion. Then run down stairs. Shell too close for comfort. Next salvo went over about 1/2 mile in bush then exploded. Four salvos sent over tower. One salvo burst near Hesquiat and another towards Antoine's beach (Inner Harbour).*
>
> *During action observed white light approach from direction of warship (surface) towards submarine. No binoculars to observe same with. All women and children walked to Green Patch about 1/2 mile away (good cover) from shells or shrapnel. I did not mention white light to anyone as they might have thought it a landing party or demolition squad. No one excited or jittery, thought they were going to picnic. Roy, my son, was in Hesquiat fishing when shelling started. He came home. Said shells whistled and made awful row in bush. I asked him what he would do when shells landed close and believe it or not I nearly fell through the floor when he said Jump and run like H ... for the bush. He was laughing.*

Lally's written account was sent to Ottawa just hours later via the "gumboot navy" fish boat HMCS *Moolach*, the first vessel of the Royal Canadian Navy Fisherman's Re-



serve to arrive on the scene and interview the eyewitnesses. Robert Lally's sighting of a dim white light was confirmed by several Hesquiat band members who described it moving "as if on a boat," reversing course and heading toward one of the sources of shots. This would have been logical if the two vessels were observing radio silence. Without the radio messages or other means of normal military communication that could have been picked up on shore, persons on the two vessels would have been reduced to coordinating their actions and adjusting their plans in person – most likely via a dinghy, perhaps guided by flashlight in the growing darkness.

The patrol report of the HMCS *Moolach*, which along with Lally's written account lay buried in the Department of National Defence for forty years, states: "These Indians are certain that shells were coming from two different directions and came in volleys of three shots, one behind the other." It continues "Most of the men here served in the last war and thus considerable faith may be put in their observations. Two people here definitely describe [one vessel as] a light cruiser, [the] other [as] a submarine." At the start of this war, all lighthouse keepers had been supplied with ship identification manuals and trained to identify ships by their silhouettes. As noted previously, even Ralston, speaking with reporters the day after the shelling, indicated there may have been two "craft" (not necessarily submarines) involved in the attack.

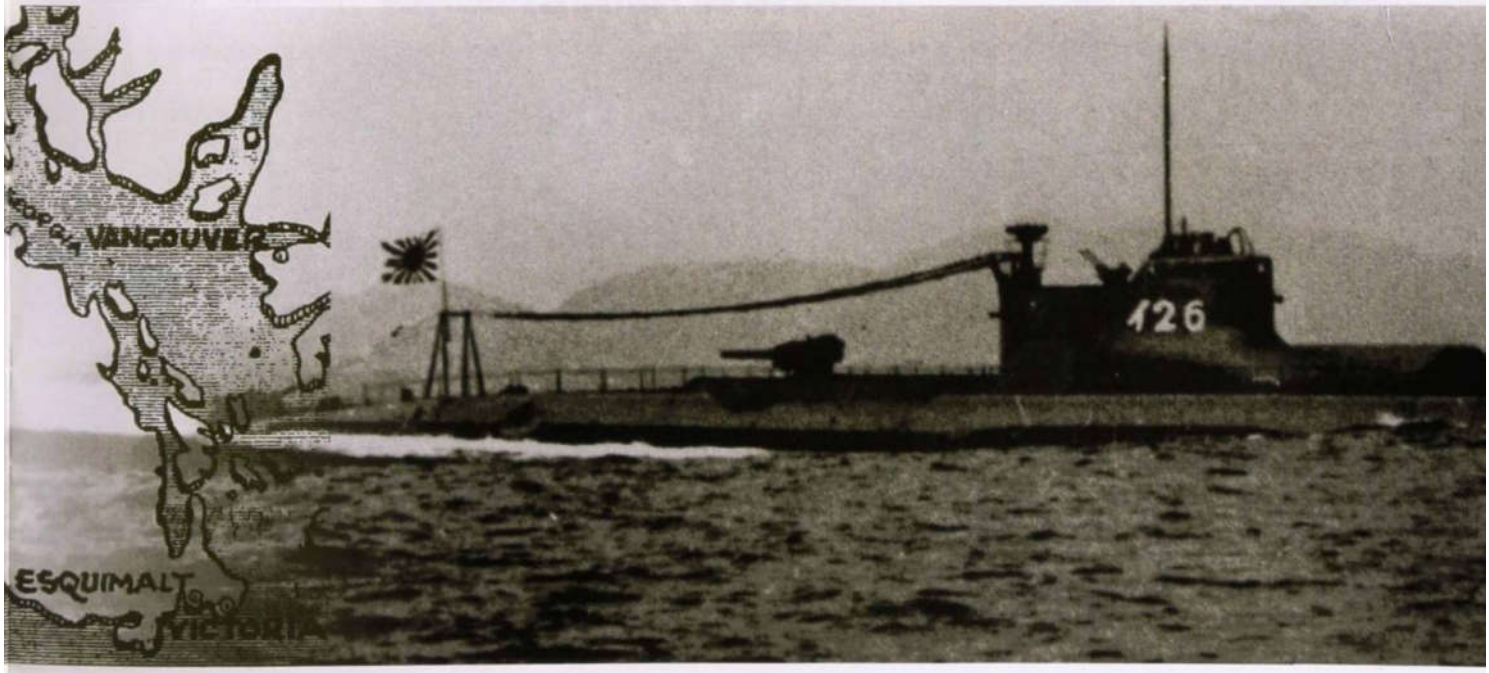
Yet by the morning of June 21, when the second gumboot navy boat HMCS *Santa Maria* arrived to investigate, all eyewitness reports, including Lally's, had changed. There was no mention of a moving white light or shells coming from different directions. Now only one vessel had appeared, and it was definitely a Japanese submarine. It had pulled out on the surface "where everyone could see and hear her."

What happened between the conclusion of the shelling and the arrival of the *Santa Maria*? Rumours of a visit by the RCMP, who put forth an official story of one Japanese submarine and threatened dismissal or jail time for any word to the contrary, cannot be substantiated. But the reality of imprisonment for such crimes as uttering "disloyal remarks" can. Under the Defence of Canada Regulations of the War Measures Act, the RCMP had already arrested and jailed over thirteen hundred Canadian citizens, including Camellien Houde, the flamboyant mayor of Montreal.

Publicly, eyewitnesses to the shelling stuck to their stories even after the war. As late as 1966, Lally's wife loyally declared – contrary to Lally's written account – that her husband had come down from the light after turning it on for the night shouting "Get the hell out of here! It's a Jap sub and they are shelling the lighthouse!" But forty years after the incident, Lally's son Robert Jr. insisted that "'til the day he died my Dad swore it was a cruiser."

The only way this second, surface ship has ever been explained away in favour of the official "lone submarine" version of events was stated by Commodore William James Robert Beech, commanding officer of the Royal Canadian Navy on

*During the war, the Royal Canadian Navy could not spare enough ships or men to adequately patrol Canada's West Coast, so local fish boats – along with their crews who were so familiar with local waters – were pressed into temporary military service. Because of their usual attire (even the regular navy didn't have enough uniforms to go around), the Fisherman's Reservists were popularly known as the "gumboot navy."



Larger than U.S. subs ... , the I-class subs carried crews of about a hundred, along

the Pacific Coast at the time of the incident. In his report submitted to Ottawa on July 1, 1942, Beech explains "It would appear from the reports that the excitement during the bombardment may have caused those present to see and hear things which did not actually occur."

Commodore Beech's official report concludes "This bombardment was in all probability carried out by one submarine mounting 5.5" guns forward of the sub's conning tower." But Japanese sub I-26 had no gun forward of its conning tower. The guns of all I-class Japanese submarines were mounted aft. The forward space was designed for a small, catapult-launched "erector set" airplane that was stored below in sections and reassembled on deck before each sortie. (I-26 carried no airplane, however; the forward space was used for extra fuel and food supplies for long voyages).

American submarines, on the other hand – the only other submarines plying the waters in the Pacific Northwest at the time – all had guns forward of their conning towers. The manoeuvres of American and Canadian warships on the West Coast were well integrated, as could be expected during the wartime. A close personal relationship existed between Prime Minister Mackenzie King and American president Franklin D. Roosevelt, but one snag in this relationship was King's reluctance to impose conscription. Perhaps a discreet "enemy incident" of the manufactured sort was just the thing needed to galvanize Canadian public opinion toward the kind of all-out war effort needed to justify overseas conscription.

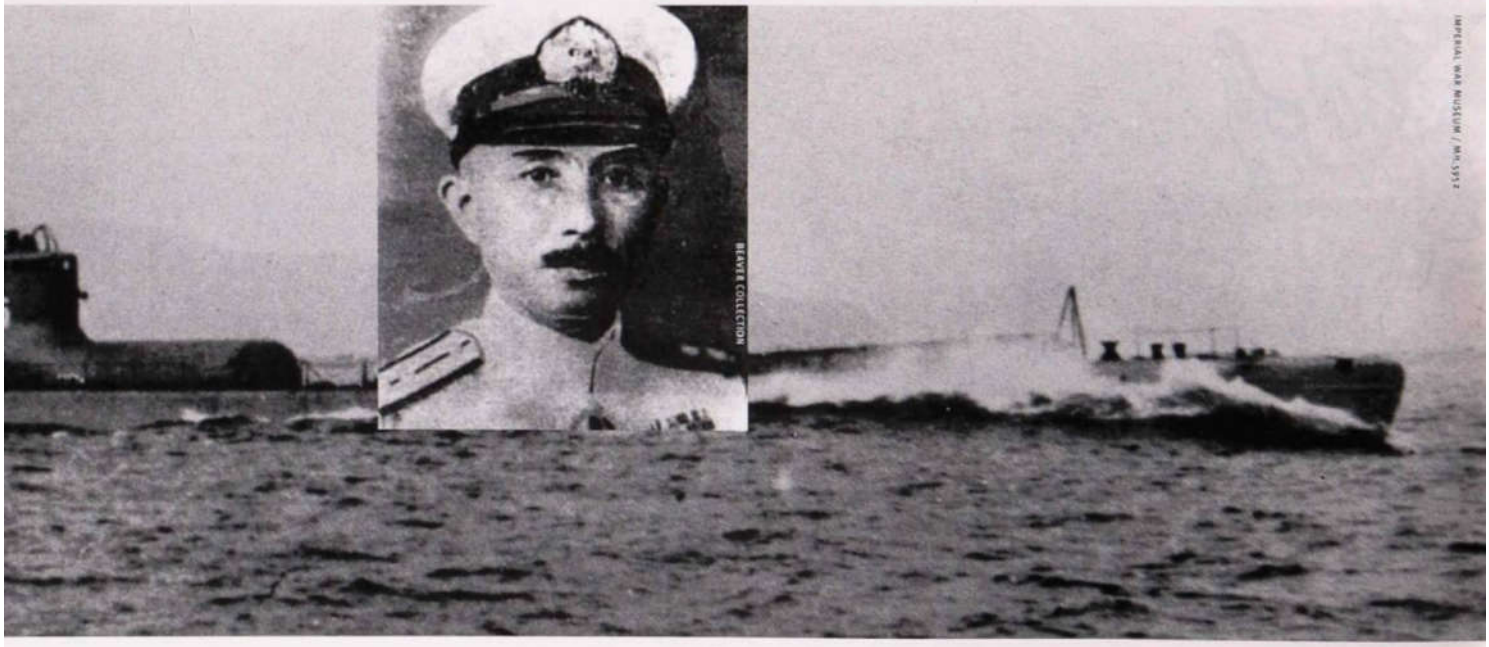
Such an incident should do no real damage, of course, and would have to be tightly controlled, with as few witnesses as possible. Even the gumboot navy, whose members might later talk too much, would have to be kept out of the loop. But the real object of the exercise, to alarm the general public, would be easily and instantly achieved.

A far-fetched theory? Consider the immediate aftermath of the incident. Soon after the shelling began, Edward Redford, chief radio operator at the lighthouse station, had signalled "WE ARE BEING SHELLED." The message was received by both Canadian and American military commands. Two separate sightings of unidentified submarines off the coast of Vancouver Island had already been reported earlier that day – one off Estevan Point and the other at the northern tip of Vancouver Island, headed south. On the night of June 20, the *Santa Maria* had been following orders to pursue this sub south – blacked out, at full speed – when her crew overheard the command to the *Moolach* to proceed to Estevan Point to "evacuate women and children survivors."

The *Santa Maria* reached the point at dawn, expecting to find the area crowded with search planes and warships. After all, Canadian soil – indeed, North American soil – had just been attacked. But to their astonishment, they found "there wasn't a thing in sight anywhere ... there were no aircraft, no ships, nothing – nothing!" The *Moolach* had already left – with Lally's diary, but without any "survivors," all of whom had politely declined rescue.

Commodore Beech's official report states: "It is consid-

Minoru Yokota, (inset) the commander of Japanese fleet submarine I-26, shown here in Hiroshima Bay, October 1941. Two weeks after the incident at Estevan Point, she torpedoed and sank U.S. freighter *Coast Trader* near Cape Flattery, Washington. Later involved in the Battle of Guadalcanal and action in the Indian Ocean, I-26 was sunk by the Americans in the Philippine Sea on December 17, 1944.



ered unlikely that a surface vessel was present during the bombardment since RCAF patrols failed to disclose any hostile craft." But Ralston, speaking to reporters on June 21, claimed there were no planes in the area at the time of the attack (due to "unsuitable weather"). He also claimed aircraft "were out at dawn the next morning." One bomber was reportedly dispatched, but crashed on takeoff. Some sources say the crew was killed, others that the crew walked away. But in the forty-eight hours following the *Santa Maria*'s arrival, her crew saw no sign of search planes or warships anywhere near Estevan Point.

Countering all these discrepancies is the postwar confession of Japanese submarine commander Minoru Yokota claiming full responsibility for the attack. Japanese military sources confirm Yokota as wartime commander of submarine I-26, posted off Cape Flattery, Washington, at the strategically vital entrance to the Strait of Juan de Fuca.

I-26 and her eight sister subs patrolling the waters off the west coast of North America were formidable weapons. Larger than U.S. subs at over 100 metres in length and 2,000 tonnes displacement, with a surface speed of 24 knots and a cruising range of 16,000 to 28,000 kilometres, the I-class subs carried crews of about a hundred, along with torpedoes twice as powerful as those of the Allies and more accurate in aim. According to Yokota himself, "Japanese submarines were trained to attack big-sized targets, such as the major battleships or aircraft carriers." I-26 is credited on both sides with some impressive kills, including the June 7, 1942 sinking of the freighter *Coast Trader* as she came out of the Strait of Juan de Fuca. There is no doubt Commander Yokota had both the means and the opportunity to shell Estevan Point.

Shell fragment fired at Estevan Point, June 21, 1942. In total, some twenty-five 5.5-inch shells were fired at the lighthouse and nearby village of Hesquiat. None did any damage.

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But a credible Japanese motive for attacking a lone, remote lighthouse with this huge submarine remains obscure. The Japanese military command was known for its intricate, precision-based plans, but after the Battle of Midway June 4–6, the Japanese Navy was fighting on the defensive. What military objective at Estevan Point made it worth giving away the whereabouts of I-26 by having the submarine surface on a regularly patrolled enemy shore and remain there, a prime target, for over an hour? Yokota offers no explanation, only this account:

> *It was evening when I shelled the area with about 17 shots. Because of the dark, our gun-crew had difficulty in making the shots effective. At first the shells were not reaching the shore. I remember ordering the men to shoot at a higher angle. Then the shells went too far over the town toward the hilly area.*
>
> *As I watched from I-26, the townspeople were very quick to put the lights out, but the lighthouse was very slow, the last to turn the light off.*

On June 20, at Estevan Point's latitude, it would have been still light enough to read a newspaper at 10:15 P.M., when the shelling began. When it ended, the horizon would not have fully darkened for another half hour. Perhaps "the dark" was just an excuse for missing the white-painted, 38.7-metre tall tower with all twenty-five shots, at least one of which landed eight kilometres away. But what explains "the lights?" Lally's diary puts him in the tower, with the light already off, when the second salvo arrived. Until that second shot, no one else at the station had reason to suspect enemy fire. Lally's wife assumed the first shot to be normal target practice; radio operator Redford thought the station's fuel tanks "had gone up."

Canada and the U.S. routinely gave hostile incidents on the West Coast "negative publicity," both to avoid alarming the populace and to deny Japan knowledge of the damage done. Officially, the sinking of the *Coast Trader* by I-26 was due to "an internal explosion and not to a torpedo or mine." Later in the war, none of the 342 documented incidents of Japanese balloon or bomb fragments found on the continent – 102 of them on Canadian soil – were publicized. Even when a woman and five children in Oregon were killed by a balloon-bomb in May 1945, their deaths were attributed to "an explosion of undetermined nature."

It has been suggested that the intent of all such Japanese attacks on North America was mere subterfuge: to raise anxiety among Americans and Canadians by proving the vulnerability of their homelands, and to trick their governments into

needlessly deploying men and equipment to sites of phantom crises.

It may have been only coincidence, but if this was Yokota's reason for shelling the lighthouse at Estevan Point, he succeeded beyond his wildest expectations. The incident – in which no lives were lost, no injuries inflicted, no military setback suffered, and only negligible property damage done – made headlines in both countries. Especially in B.C., the news jolted people out of complacency as nothing else could. Truckloads of guns and rifles began arriving at B.C. military bases, and Ralston promised more "in as great quantities and just as fast as possible."

In Ottawa, Bill 80 – the one amending the NRMA to allow unlimited conscription, but only "if necessary" – passed second reading without significant opposition barely two weeks after news of the shelling. By 1944, the number of zombies had swollen to nearly 60,000. Most were stationed in British Columbia, where they were deemed necessary for coastal defence.

Who shelled the lighthouse at Estevan Point on June 20, 1942? It may have been Commander Yokota of Japanese submarine I-26. If so, he had good reason to claim responsibility. But what if it wasn't him? He still had good reason to claim responsibility. Unquestioning, self-denying loyalty was part of the ancient samurai code that informed Japan's militarism. Disobeying authority or contradicting the established order of things brought unbearable personal shame to a person. During the war, many Japanese generals dutifully committed suicide for losing a single battle. After the war, they transferred their samurai code to the victors. Did Commander Minoru Yokota of Japanese submarine I-26 feel honour-bound to corroborate any official statement made by the newly established authorities, the victorious Allies?

We may never know. But one thing is certain: without Commander Yokota's obligingly detailed postwar confession, military and government sources on both sides of the border would have been left with some pretty sticky questions to answer. ◘

Norm and Carol Hall are freelance writers in coastal B.C. They have lived on the same latitude as Estevan Point for twenty-eight years.

ET CETERA

Keepers of the Light: A History of British Columbia's Lighthouses and Their Keepers **by Donald Graham. Harbour Publishing, Madeira Park, B.C., 1985.**

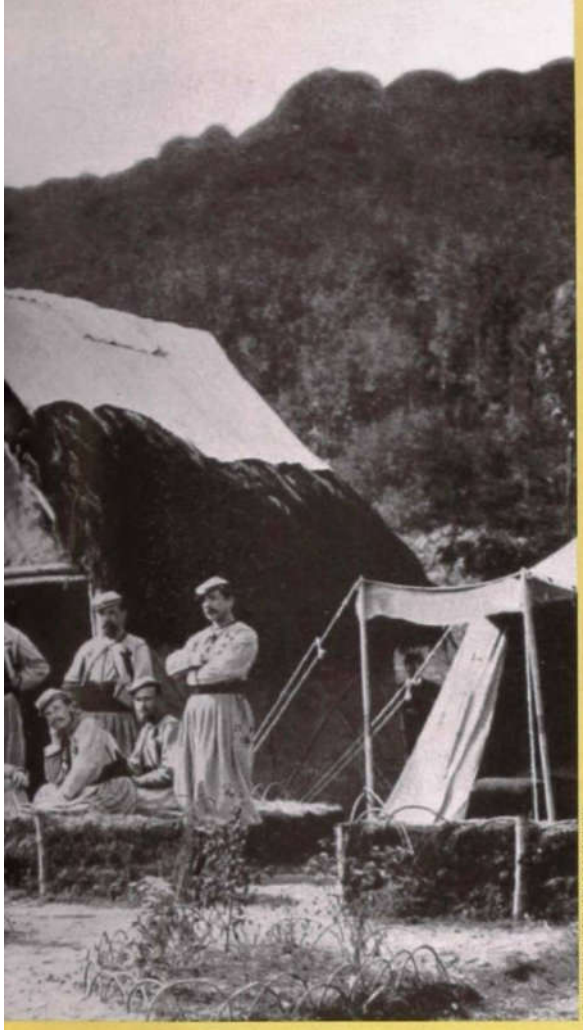
King's War: Mackenzie King and the Politics of War, 1939–1945 **by Brian Nolan. Random House of Canada, Toronto, 1988**

By the 1860s, the "Roman question" was a matter of heated debate among Catholics around the world. The rule of the Roman Catholic Church in Italy had been seriously threatened by progressive thinking for decades, and by 1860, the Church's power was all but eliminated as Italian revolutionaries fought to liberate and unify the Italian kingdom. Until then, the Italian peninsula had been a collection of petty kingdoms and city-states under Austrian protection. The oldest of these, the Papal States, desperately resisted this secularization; they saw the movement toward unification as nothing but an attack against them, a resolute attempt to sabotage their authority. And in most ways, it was. Liberalists, Roman Catholics who favoured political democracy, were fed up with the Church's domination and believed in the notion slowly being adopted into international law that individuals have a right to self-determination.

Despite the efforts of the Papal States, in 1861 Italy was declared a unified kingdom under Victor Emmanuel II, and papal rule was restricted to a small territory around Rome. The Austrians, who had been defending the papacy, left the Italian peninsula after being defeated by Victor Emmanuel, who was allied with the French under Napoleon III. However, to avoid antagonizing Catholics in France, Napoleon III left troops around Rome to keep Victor Emmanuel from invading what was left of the Papal States. This gave Pope Pius IX an unexpected reprieve. Desperate to strengthen his army, he called on the European nations to defend "Saint-Peter's Heritage," urging volunteers to enlist in new battalions of Zouaves, a group of infantrymen originally recruited from the Berbers in Algeria in 1831, who later became part of the French army. Now, in 1861, Zouaves were to defend the papal regime at the request of the pontiff himself – a request that would be heard all the way across the Atlantic.

In Canada East (Quebec's name under the Union regime), the Catholic clergy was engaged in a fight against its own radical brand of liberals, but seemed to be having more success than its Italian counterpart. Since the failure of the Rebellion of 1837, liberalism had met increasing difficulties in French-Canadian society, most significantly, from the influential Ultramontanes, a Catholic group known for its ultraconservative stance. The group believed the pope's power was to be defended at all cost, in politics as well as in religion. Ultramontanism had grown considerably by the 1860s, preventing more reformist thought from gaining momentum.

A group of Zouaves at their camp (above right) at Rocca di Papa, 1868. Ultramontane Alfred LaRocque (far right) gave up his position as captain in the Canadian militia to join the Zouaves in Rome. He, like his fellow Zouave soldiers, wore a cap, jacket, and pantaloons made of bluish grey cloth trimmed with red braid. The waist sash was also red, and white gaiters covered black footwear. A chain or cord often hung across the opening of the jacket and may have been a rosary, but could also have been a chain attached to "pickers," a small spike used to clear the nipple of the percussion firearm initially used by a Zouave.



ARCHIVES DE L'ARCHEVÊCHÉ DE MONTRÉAL

MCCORD MUSEUM OF CANADIAN HISTORY, MONTRÉAL, I-14931.1

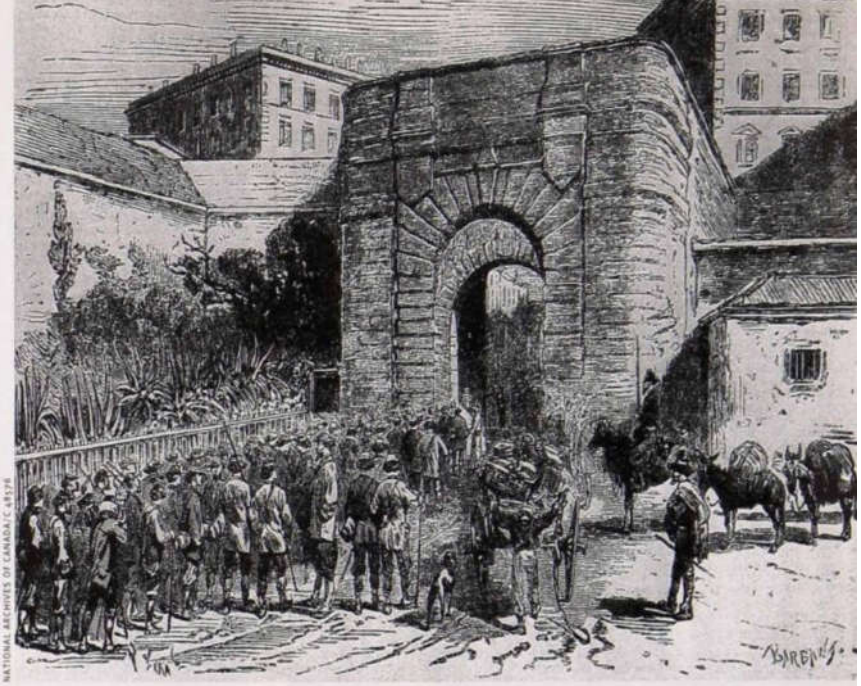
God's Infantrymen

by André Pelchat **They left their professions, took up arms, and fought another country's battle – all in an attempt to uphold the Catholic Church in Rome. They were the Canadian Zouaves.**

At the progressive end of the French-Canadian political spectrum were the Rouges, radical francophone intellectuals inspired by Louis-Joseph Papineau, leader of the 1837 Rebellion in Lower Canada. Led by people such as Jean-Baptiste Éric Dorion and Louis-Antoine Dessaulles, the Rouges stuck to liberal ideals, promoting the secret ballot, free trade, separation of Church and State, and annexation to the United States. As the resistance of Pius IX to Italian unification became a hot topic in Canada, the Rouges were vocal in their support of Italian liberal leader Giuseppe Garibaldi.[1] At least one of them, Arthur Buies, went as far as enlisting in Garibaldi's army in 1860.

Vehement tension between the Ultramontanes and the liberalists persisted. The Ultramontanes, led by the bishop of Montreal, Monseigneur Ignace Bourget, started a propapal and antiliberal propaganda offensive. He wrote a pastoral letter, the first of a series, defending the independence and inviolability of the Papal States. He made sure it was read, not only in Montreal, but also in other towns and villages of the province. Demonstrations against the Italian liberals were held in Montreal, in which protestors equated Italian liberals to their Canadian supporters, making both appear in the worst possible light. Garibaldi, they said, had "laid [his] hand on institutions established by God."

[1] Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel each had their own visions of ruling a unified Italy. The division was downplayed by both the Ultramontanes and the Rouges, however, who wanted to see the war as simply a fight between the Church and liberalism.



NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA/C 68576

Canadian Zouaves arriving at Civitavecchia, Italy, to defend the authority of the Catholic Church. At least $111,000 was spent to send the Zouaves to Rome – quite a sum considering the funds were raised in years of financial hardship for Quebec.

It wasn't just conservatives from Montreal who took action: Bishop Guigues, of Ottawa, suggested that all of the world's bishops start raising funds to finance a papal army independent of the Austrian troops protecting the pope, one that would be entirely under papal command. Rome agreed, and fundraising campaigns were quickly organized. Conservative newspapers, such as *L'Ordre*, published news about the small size of the papal army in Italy and called Catholic youth to come to the Pontiff's rescue.

First to respond to the calls was well-known Montreal lawyer Benjamin Testard de Montigny. Born to an old military family, Testard de Montigny decided out of religious fervour and patriotism to French Canada, of which Catholicism was a major part, to travel to Italy to enlist in the papal army. He became the first Canadian Zouave, and left for Italy in 1861. He was subsquently held up as an example for the country's youth, and soon was not alone in his military quest. Hugh Murray, a nephew of the bishop of Kingston, left his job at the *Journal of Education for Lower Canada* and enlisted in the Zouaves. The Church's message was getting through.

In the years that followed the departure of the Austrians from Italian soil, there was rarely a week in Canada East without a demonstration, the publication of a book or an article, a subscription, a concert, a speech, or some other kind of event calling the French-Canadians to manifest their solidarity with Pius IX.

Later, in 1864, when Napoleon III withdrew most of his troops from the Italian peninsula, leaving the papal army to face the kingdom of Italy alone, twelve students from the Quebec City military school offered their services. "Their enthusiasm for the cause of the Holy Father, the desire to go forward and to come back to the country with a considerable prestige are the motives that are driving them," wrote Edmond Langevin, secretary to the Quebec archbishop. But as there was no organization yet ready to send them to Italy, they could not go. The issue resurfaced every now and then, as it did in 1865 when *Le Journal de Trois-Rivières* reproduced an article from a European paper calling for enlistment in the Papal Zouaves.

In 1867, in a post-Confederation election that dealt a severe blow to the liberals and especially to the Rouges, another Quebecker enlisted in the papal army, Alfred LaRocque. LaRocque, a staunch Ultramontane, was the son of a banker and legal heir of one of the richest men in French Canada, Olivier Berthelet. He resigned his commission as captain in the Canadian militia and left for Rome.

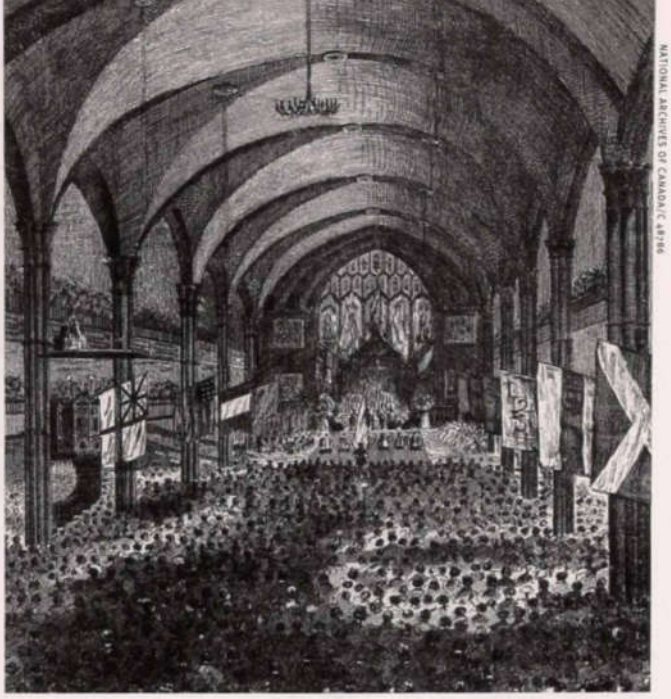
Then, in November 1867 came the news that a clash had occurred in Mentana, Italy, between the papal army and Garibaldi's troops; that the former had been soundly defeated; but most of all, that Alfred LaRocque had been seriously wounded. In a Sunday sermon, Monseigneur Bourget cited LaRocque as an inspiration for youth and added: "There is, in this city, and in the whole country, many young people with a burning desire to go and sacrifice themselves for the defence ... of the immortal Pius IX." In December, a committee was formed for the recruitment and equipment of a battalion of Canadian Zouaves with LaRocque as treasurer. *Le Nouveau Monde*, an Ultramontane newspaper, started a campaign to raise the necessary money. Priests as well as conservative publications encouraged the population to give generously and, in February 1868, a first detachment of 135 men was sent to Rome, via New York City and Le Havre, France. Recruitment continued, and eventually 388 Canadian men were sent to Italy. About half of them had some military training, either as members of the militia or graduates from military schools.

From Le Havre, the first unit travelled across France to Marseilles, where they boarded a ship for Rome. Their passage was not an easy one: their presence provoked demonstrations by French Catholics and calls from leaders of Marseilles' Italian population to "beat the hell out of those adventurers from the New World." The next units travelled discreetly, in plainclothes, to avoid such problems.

Soon after arriving in Rome, the young devotees realized the "war" wasn't anything like the glorious adventure they had expected. In the two years they were garrisoned on Roman soil, the Canadian Zouaves had little occasion to see fire, except in long, often useless expeditions to chase pro-Italian guerrillas, also known as

BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE DU QUÉBEC

Benjamin Testard de Montigny, the first Canadian Zouave. The caps worn by the Zouaves bore the French light infantry bugle.



NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA/C 68786

Zouaves were warmly welcomed by conservative supporters upon their return to Montreal. Though they had not been able to protect the papacy in Rome, their unwavering commitment to the sovereign cause strengthened Church influence in Quebec.

"bandits." The Zouaves made long, exhausting marches in the mountains, only to discover, most often, that the enemy had already retreated out of range. Sometimes, though, they would catch up with them and engage in a skirmish. If a bandit was killed, his body would be exhibited in the nearest village as an example. The morale of the Zouaves suffered.

Many members of the first detachment did not renew their engagement after six months and returned home. Lodging conditions were appalling; fleas, ticks, and vermin were permanent companions. The food was bad: a rice sauce with pork and beans was the one meal they would get for a day. And typhus, cholera, and malaria took their toll. It was illness, not combat, that killed Canadian Zouaves.

For many Zouaves, it was a shock to discover that Rome was nothing like the Holy City they had imagined. Prostitutes were everywhere and represented a constant worry for officers and priests preoccupied with both the souls of their boys and the image they projected. Bad behaviour spread. Many young men were sent home for drunkenness and various breaches of discipline: Aristide Lavallée spent two months in jail for letting a prisoner escape, and Henri Munro

Defiantly, some Zouaves continued to fight after the order to put down arms was given, and were arrested and jailed as a result.

was repatriated at his own request because he had become "the shame of the Quebeckers by accepting to be the servant of an English Zouave." Altogether, twenty-nine Zouaves went back to Canada before the end of their engagement. Such news, however, was usually kept out of the Quebec press.

Finally, in 1870, things in Italy started to move. War broke out between France and Prussia, and the last of the defending French troops were repatriated. It was the signal the Italian king had been waiting for. On September 12, Italian troops attacked the Papal States from all directions. Eight days later, the papal army was forced to surrender but was allowed to evacuate the city. Defiantly, some Zouaves continued to fight after the order to put down arms was given, and were arrested and jailed as a result. They were later paraded through the streets and mocked by crowds of angry Italians. A lieutenant Taillefer, a big man, proud of his physical strength, was ridiculed by people who pulled his beard and called him "Orso di Canada" ("Canadian bear"). According to another prisoner, people threw rocks at them and shouted, "Stupid pigs, panhandlers, fools, starving thieves who came to eat from the Pope's hand!"

The next day, the Canadians were marched about twenty-four kilometres to a railway station, Ponte Galeria, where they took the train to the Italian town of Civitavecchia. With the help of the British embassy, they were eventually put on a ship for Montreal by way of Liverpool. On November 6, 1870, 212 of God's infantrymen, as some called them, received a hero's welcome in Montreal. Not all those who had gone came back, though: two enlisted in the French army, one became a Dominican monk, and nine died as a result of accident or disease.

While the Zouaves' adventure did not save the Pope's political power in Italy, it certainly helped enforce the clergy's influence among the French-Canadian population, an influence that remained virtually unchecked until the 1960s. By the 1870s, the Rouges' brand of liberalism had become marginal in Quebec – even Arthur Buies, a Rouges, ended up working as a secretary for a priest. As for the Zouaves themselves, a group of them founded a town named Piopolis in the Eastern Townships of Quebec, near Lake Megantic. In 1899, Charles-Edmond Rouleau, the former chaplain of the Zouave battalion, created the *Association des Zouaves de Québec*, which performed military exercises and organized social activities. The association spread, and sister associations were formed in many towns of the province. The Zouaves, with their uniforms, guns, and music, soon became a part of Saint-Jean-Baptiste day parades and other religious and nationalistic demonstrations.[2]

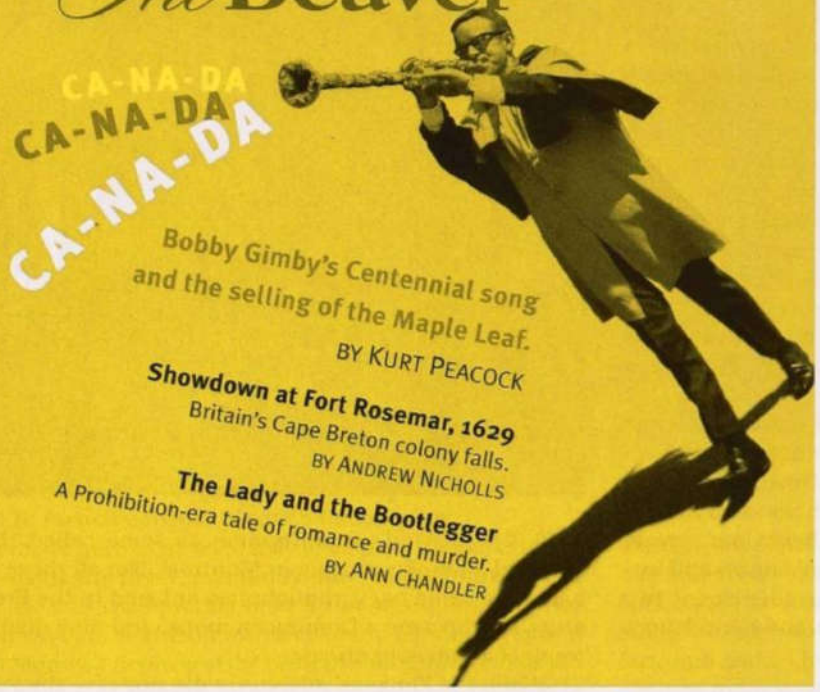
But with the 1960s and the Quiet Revolution, the Zouaves quickly became the symbol of an outdated brand of nationalism that new generations of Quebeckers would rather forget. Calling someone a *zouave* came to mean "idiot" or "clown." Though in 1984 there were still enough Zouaves to form a guard of honour for Pope John Paul II on his visit to Canada, today the group has faded away. ◘

André Pelchat is a freelance writer living in L'Avenir, Quebec.

[2] Canadian Zouaves garnered so much respect in some circles that in the 1950s, Claude-Henri Grignon, author of the very popular TV soap opera *Les Belles Histoires des pays d'en haut*, had to apologize for having shown a drunk Zouave on his show. The scene had spurred Colonel Roger Langevin, member of the Zouaves, to make an outraged phone call to Radio-Canada.

Coming in June | July

The Beaver



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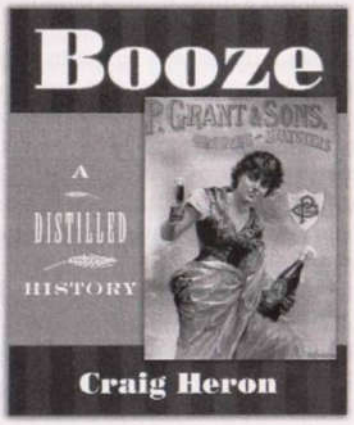

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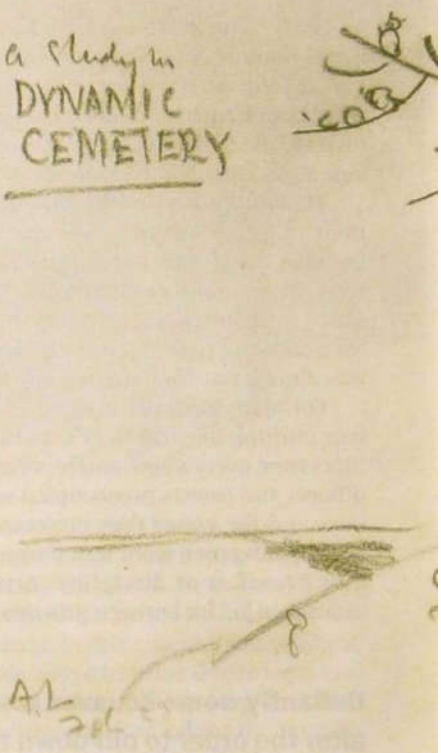
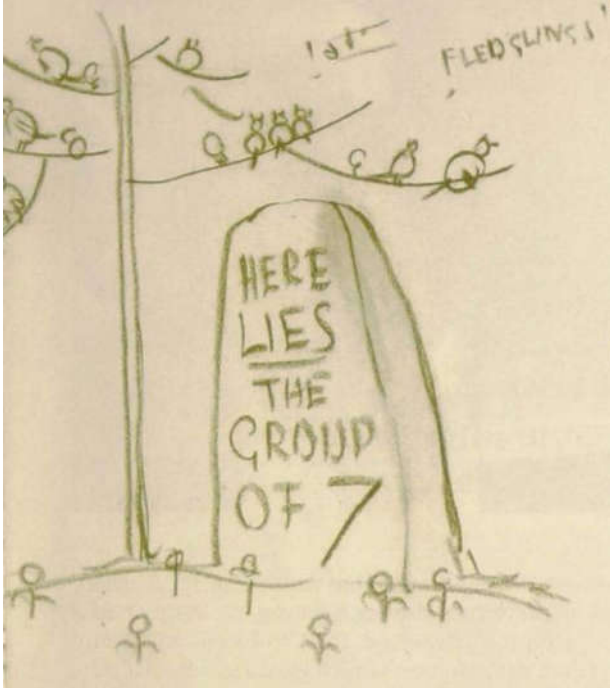


MCMICHAEL CANADIAN ART COLLECTION / GIFT OF THE FOUNDERS, ROBERT AND SIGNE MCMICHAEL / 1986.44.4

A Study in Dynamic Cemetery **(above) by Arthur Lismer, 1932. In 1969, Arthur Lismer was the first of the Group of Seven buried at Kleinburg. His lampooning in this cartoon of the formal disbanding of the Group in the early 1930s proved oddly prescient.**

The cemetery (right) at the McMichael Canadian Art Collection in Kleinburg, Ontario. Currently buried there are six members of the Group of Seven and gallery founder Robert McMichael. Inset: gravemarker for A.J. Casson (1898–1992), buried with his wife, Margaret Petry.

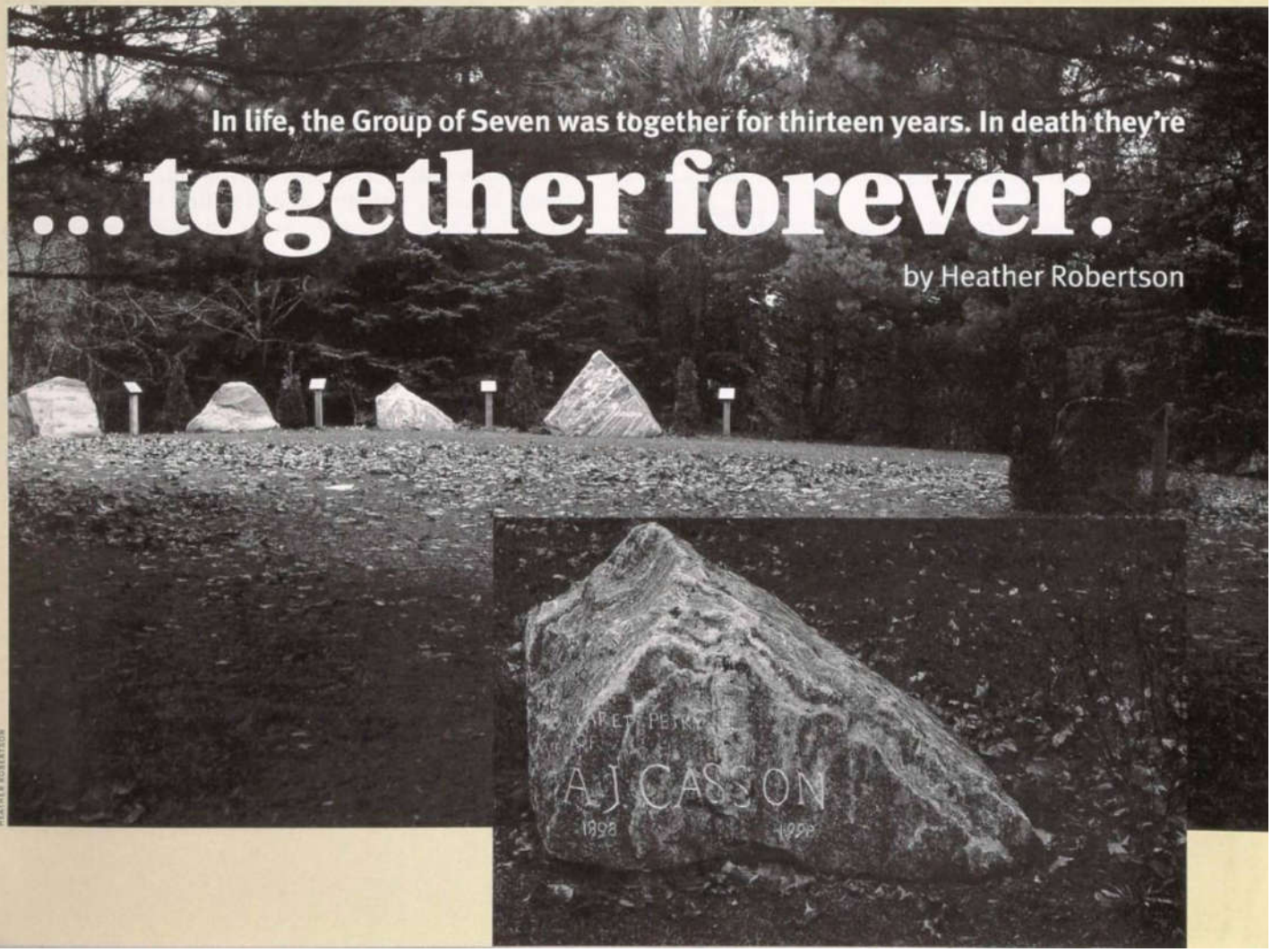


I find cemeteries fascinating because they reveal so much about their inhabitants. Weeping marble angels and intertwining Celtic circles reflect differing religious beliefs, identical white crosses mark soldiers' or veterans' graves, mausoleums memorialize wealth and pretentiousness. An inscription on a headstone will likely give length of life and sometimes cause of death: a drowning or an epidemic. There might be a fragment of poetry, or, more recently, an engraved photo of the deceased.

Gravestones most often tell stories about families buried together in a common plot, but on the grounds of the McMichael Canadian Art Collection in Kleinburg, Ontario, a tiny cemetery contains only the remains of six Canadian artists, all members of the Group of Seven, and their wives (or most of their wives.) In late 2003, they were joined by gallery founder Robert McMichael; eventually his wife Signe will be buried there, too.

The cemetery is tucked away at the end of a path through a dense stand of spruce and pine behind the entrance to the gallery's parking lot. It's easy to miss, and although I visit the McMichael Collection regularly, I had no idea it existed until autumn 2002 when my companion, an art historian, cried out: "Wait, there it is! We've got to see this." The day was chilly, and the sign marking the entrance to the Group of Seven Memorial Grounds gave me the creeps: "Sponsored by Dignity Memorial™, proud to be a part of Service Corporation International."

Who are these people? How do you "sponsor" dead artists? Did Dignity Memorial™ own or rent the site? The sign acknowledged the participation of the provincial cemeteries branch, and a nearby sign identified the cemetery as "Historic Site Historique," but it all smacked of commer-



HEATHER ROBERTSON

In life, the Group of Seven was together for thirteen years. In death they're

...together forever.

by Heather Robertson

ONTARIO DEPARTMENT OF TOURISM / MCMICHAEL CANADIAN ART COLLECTION ARCHIVES

Robert McMichael (right) with his wife Signe at the unveiling of *First Snow, Algoma* by A.Y. Jackson (second from left) at the official opening of the McMichael Conservation Collection, July 8, 1966. The McMichaels cofounded what would later become the McMichael Canadian Art Collection when they purchased *Montreal River*, an oil painting by Group of Seven member Lawren Harris, in 1955. In subsequent years, the McMichaels acquired numerous other works of the Group of Seven and their contemporaries, building a collection of twentieth-century Canadian painting considered by experts to rank in importance third to that of the National Gallery of Canada and the Art Gallery of Ontario.

cialism, as if displaying the artists' work, the core of the renowned McMichael collection, was not a sufficient customer draw.

There was no gate, and not another soul in sight. We ventured down the path past a Heritage Canada cairn commemorating A.Y. Jackson, one of the six artists buried here, and came to a grassy clearing in the woods. The gravestones, raw, unpolished chunks of marbled granite, were arranged in a rough semicircle, forming a partial fairy ring, a miniature Stonehenge. Each stone was flanked by dwarf cedars and flowering shrubs; a little white sign gave biographical details. An artist's name was etched on each rock – A.Y. Jackson, Lawren Harris, E.H. Varley, Arthur Lismer, Frank Hans Johnston, and A.J. Casson. Except for Bess Harris, the etched names of the interred wives – Esther Lismer, Florence Johnston, and Margaret Petry Casson – were smaller than their husbands'. Set in a silent woodland glade, these rocks were powerful reminders of the mountains and wild northern landscapes the Group of Seven had painted with daring and passion, but as I walked around the circle, I noticed that two important names were missing: J.E.H. MacDonald and Franklin Carmichael. Both were founders of the Group in 1920. Casson had joined later to replace Johnston, an early dropout, and two more painters, Edwin Holgate and Lemoine FitzGerald, buried elsewhere, had joined in the last years before the Group disbanded in 1932.

Fred Varley, curiously, lies alone. A casual visitor would come away with the impression that Varley, like A.Y. Jackson, had been a bachelor, yet during his long life Varley had a wife, Maud, whom he deserted, four children, and many famous liaisons with women whose glowing, sensual portraits he painted. Where lies Vera Weatherbie, Varley's green goddess, or Kathy McKay, his patron, companion, and muse in his last years? Or Maud?

The cemetery haunted me as an ultimate act of cultural appropriation, reminiscent of anthropologists who made off with aboriginal bones to display in their museums, but when I spoke with Robert McMichael in May 2003, he explained that the inspiration had come from A.Y. Jackson. In March 1968, Jackson, eighty-five and in failing health, wrote to McMichael with a request: "Some time when you are not busy you might enquire about a lot in some quiet little cemetery near to Kleinburg. I was going to acquire one in Hemmingford, Que. where some old friends are buried but I don't like the direction Quebec is taking." The separatist movement was becoming militant, and while Jackson loved to paint the Quebec countryside, he'd made many sketching trips to the McMichaels' property overlooking the magnificent Humber River gorge.

The McMichaels had built their log home in 1954, and they regularly enlarged it to display their growing collection of works by Tom Thomson and the Group of Seven (Thomson, a friend and colleague of the Seven, drowned in Algonquin Park in 1917 and is buried near his family's home at Leith, Ontario.) In 1965, the McMichaels donated their home, grounds, and collection to the province of Ontario as a public gallery, but they continued to live "over the store," as Robert put it, and to act as collectors, directors, guides, and curators. They had arranged to be buried on the grounds, and since they regarded Alex Jackson as almost family, why not include him? Jackson agreed, and enthusiastically promoted the idea of a common resting place to the surviving members of the Group. Jackson lived with the McMichaels from 1968 until his death in 1974.

There are precedents for the Group of Seven cemetery: British artists, along with other national heroes, are buried in Westminster Abbey, Soviet leaders in the Kremlin wall next to Lenin's tomb, and French artists in the Pantheon in Paris. These cemeteries are intended to honour the dead with a certain immortality, but a heated debate is raging in France over plans to move the 130-year-old remains of novelist George Sand to the Pantheon from her family's village plot.

The McMichaels chose the cemetery site, at that time a treeless knoll, and had it surveyed and consecrated by the provincial cemeteries branch. On April 15, 1969, Arthur Lismer, eighty-three, became the first painter to be buried there. Lismer, a gifted cartoonist, had earlier sketched seven graves by a lone tree with the wry caption "Here lies the Group of Seven: A Dynamic Cemetery."

Lismer was joined by Fred Varley in September. Varley, eighty-eight, had been living with Kathy McKay in Unionville, a town northeast of Toronto, since her husband's death. The McKays had given the impoverished, temperamental artist a home for fifteen years, and Varley's youngest son, Peter, lived in a farmhouse close by. "Kathy told me that Bob McMichael was the first on the phone when my grandfather died," says Peter's son, Christopher. "Kathy had a lot of doubts, as did my father. I have heard it said that Kathy divided the ashes in half, gave half to McMichael, and scattered the other half over her own family's burial plot in Gormley, Ontario. The question is, which half did she keep, the top or the bottom?"

The Cassons were delighted at the prospect of joining the others at McMichael, but burial was a sensitive issue with Lawren and Bess Harris. They had lived in Vancouver since 1941, exiled from Toronto society since Lawren had divorced his first wife, Trixie, and Bess her first husband, Fred Housser, in 1934. The Harrises were theosophists, believers in the spiritual harmony of the universe, and by 1969, Lawren, ill with heart disease, was preoccupied with the spiritual realm. Bess was protective, and when scholar Dennis Reid raised the topic of Lawren's burial in the McMichael cemetery, Bess blurted, "Over my dead body!"

Within weeks, Bess was dead. Lawren died four months later. On a cold, cloudy day in March, 1970, two pine boxes containing their ashes were lowered into the ground at the McMichael cemetery amidst a crowd of family, friends, and artists.

Whatever their private misgivings, members of the Harris and Varley families, and Kathy McKay, attended the highly publicized graveside services, and Johnston's son and widow were so pleased to have his remains reburied at the gallery twenty-six years after his death in 1949, they invited the public to his October 1975 memorial service.

Yet exhumation poses moral, religious, and emotional problems for the living. J.E.H. MacDonald, who died in 1932, remains in Toronto's Prospect Cemetery, and Carmichael, buried in the family plot in St. James's Cemetery in Orillia, Ontario, in 1945, will not be moved. "Bob McMichael had been somewhat adamant that I should re-inter my parents," says Carmichael's daughter, Mary Mastin, "but I can't bring myself to disturb their remains. My mother chose the site, and they are buried in the same grave under a pine tree. I want to respect my mother's wishes, and the Orillia connection is stronger by far."

The McMichael cemetery is owned by the people of Ontario, but critics find collecting the bodies or ashes morbid and distasteful: the Group of Seven, a loose coalition at best, had gone their separate ways more than twenty years before the McMichaels fell in love with their paintings. Yet for Robert and Signe, the living artists and their families were friends. They enjoyed their company for many years, and in addition to buying hundreds of sketches and canvases, they offered praise, reverence, warm hospitality, and publicity at a time when the Group's reputation was being eclipsed by abstract expressionism, pop, and op. Today, the gallery advertises itself as "the spiritual home of the Group of Seven."

Robert said that the Varley family and Kathy McKay "wholeheartedly" agreed to Fred's gravesite, and that the Johnstons "sought us out." Relations between Bess Harris and the McMichaels were so cordial before her sudden death that she bequeathed more than $50,000 to the gallery to buy one of Lawren's major canvases, *Mount Lefroy*.

For years the cemetery was austere and unadorned, and Robert loathed the gallery's decision to "glamourize" it by adding the "cookie-cutter" shrubs and the signs, as if the artists were on exhibit. McMichael, long retired from day-to-day participation in the gallery, was trustee for life, yet the work was done without his and Signe's knowledge or consent. Dignity Memorial™ is a funeral company that had nothing to do with the burials or creation of the cemetery. "The sign doesn't belong there!" Robert said. "I objected very forcefully, violently. *The signs will be removed.*"

The signs, I later discovered, had been removed the day before our interview; only the plain, white "Historic Site Historique" remained. The McMichaels had not yet been told. The gallery explained that the funeral company had made a donation to cover the costs of the signs and upkeep, but the contract had expired.

"I am very, very pleased," said Robert McMichael. As for the offending shrubs, "I'd like to get those out too."

When I next visited the cemetery in early October 2003 the shrubs were gone. Robert McMichael was buried there on November 24. ◘

Heather Robertson writes from King City, Ontario.

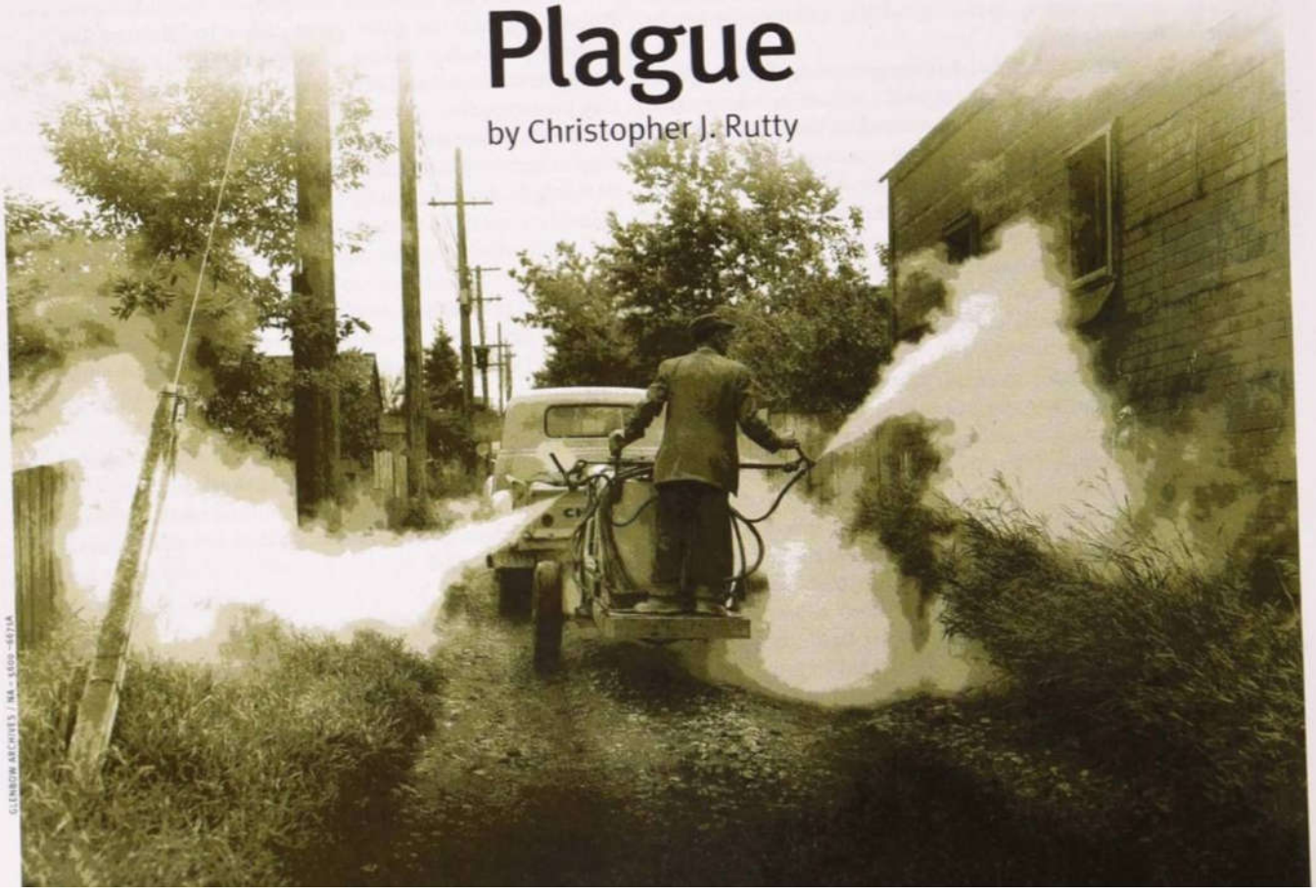
ET CETERA

One Man's Obsession **by Robert McMichael. Prentice-Hall Canada, Toronto, 1986.**

RIVERVIEW HEALTH CENTRE ARCHIVES

The Twentieth-Century Plague

by Christopher J. Rutty



GLENBOW ARCHIVES / NA-1500-4671A

Long one of the most feared diseases, polio paralyzed or killed more than a half million people a year worldwide. Then, fifty years ago, a new vaccine promised hope. If not for the Herculean efforts of a Canadian laboratory, many more might have died.

CHILDREN ARE ATTACKED BY STRANGE EPIDEMIC

Twenty Cases of Fever and Infantile Paralysis

— Once Swept Over the States.

Hamilton, Ont., Aug. 17.–*An epidemic of poliomyelitis, or infantile paralysis, a comparatively new disease, which is attracting much interest among medical men the world over, has broken out here.* —*Toronto Star*, August 17, 1910

Almost a century after this news item appeared, very similar newspaper headlines heralded the arrival in Canada of SARS, or Severe Acute Respiratory Syndrome. The sudden emergence early in 2003 in China and swift global spread of this new and perplexing infectious disease had a dramatic impact on the countries and cities it hit, particularly Toronto, not to mention the people affected. The SARS crisis of 2003 focused sharp attention on Canada's public health infrastructure. In a desperate search for useful lessons, it also prompted many to wonder how epidemic diseases, particularly "new" diseases, were experienced and managed in the past.

Canadians last faced a major public health crisis during the summer of 1953 when most of the country suffered the worst epidemic of paralytic poliomyelitis in its history–a national emergency that followed over forty years of worsening epidemics. While Canadians have faced other infectious disease threats since 1953, none have been as publicly and politically prominent or emotionally challenging as polio. Nor have they been as dramatically brought under control: the development and supply of polio vaccines was very much a Canadian success story.

While epidemic polio was frustrating and frightening for physicians and parents, its escalating public health and financial threat, particularly to middle-class families, catalyzed and galvanized a broad range of creative Canadian responses towards understanding this disease, treating its paralytic effects, controlling epidemics, managing aftercare, and ultimately preventing and eradicating it. Yet for more than forty years, it took its toll.

The first North American outbreaks of paralytic polio were reported in the 1890s, but by 1910, polio incidence levels reached a new threshold, striking many parts of Canada and the United States. The first polio cases in Canada that year appeared in Hamilton, Ontario, when a little girl, thought to be suffering from hydrophobia, was taken to the hospital, where she died. The *Toronto Star* reported that she was a victim of "infantile paralysis." Canadian medical authorities of the day recognized that infantile paralysis was not a new disease. Medical journals often quoted descriptions of cases from ancient Egyptian tablets and eighteenth- and nineteenth-century doctors. But what could not be denied was that polio was now a new epidemic disease.

The 1910 Ontario paralysis outbreak continued through the late summer and fall of 1910, with cases soon appearing in Toronto, Windsor, and Niagara Falls. One of the more disturbing elements was the number of adults struck by the disease who died due to chest muscle or throat paralysis. (Little could be done; iron lungs, machines that took over the breathing function, were not introduced until the late 1920s.) It was also clear that the victims of polio were not among the poor or delicate. Often attacked were the vigorous and healthy who lived in comfortable middle-class homes. Local and provincial public health officials, experienced with the dominant "dirt and disease" model of infectious diseases, had trouble reconciling this. And children weren't the only victims. Among those stricken in 1910, for example, was the head of one of the largest industrial corporations in the country, as well as a professor at Queen's University.

The financial impact of paralysis was soon apparent to officials of the Hamilton Board of Health. While they had quickly posted placards on affected homes warning of the presence of the disease, the members went further to manage the effects of paralytic polio than they had done with any other infectious disease. They recommended that city council provide a special fund to pay for the massaging of polio victims who couldn't afford to pay for it themselves. It was primarily intended for middle-class families too rich for charity, but not rich enough to pay for private nursing and otherwise vulnerable to financial hardship and sudden poverty, particularly if the family breadwinner fell victim. Though it's unclear whether the City of Hamilton implemented the plan, provincial health departments across the country took up the idea to varying degrees as the epidemics worsened, developing special polio treatment, hospitalization, and after-care policies.

Six years later, one of the worst polio epidemics in history struck. In the United States through the summer and fall, some 27,000 paralytic cases and 6,000 deaths were counted, mostly in the northeast. New York City bore the brunt with 9,000 cases. This epidemic soon spilled across the Canadian border. In mid-July, alarmed at the mounting polio epidemic in New York, the minister of agriculture[1] amended the federal quarantine regulations to include infantile paralysis under "graver quarantinable diseases." By early August, the federal government required that "children under sixteen years produce a medical certificate dated within twenty-four

Young polio patients (above, left) convalescing at Princess Elizabeth Hospital in Winnipeg in the early 1950s. Note the leg braces on some of the children.

Spraying alleys (near left) in Calgary in 1954. In the late 1940's and early 1950's, before the discovery of a vaccine, DDT was used to control the housefly population, which was thought to be a carrier of the disease. Most uses of the pesticide were banned in Canada in 1974.

[1]The federal government did not establish a formal department of health until 1919, after the great influenza pandemic of 1918–1919.

NEW DISEASE A NATIONAL PERIL

Hundreds of Cases of Infantile Paralysis Reported From Different States.

MANY CASES IN CANADA, TOO

Large Number of Deaths Followed the Attack of the Disease.

COURTESY CHRISTOPHER BOTTZ

Earliest evidence of paralytic polio is seen in this Egyptian stele dating from between 1580 to 2350 B.C.

What is polio?

Poliomyelitis is a highly infectious disease caused by three distinct types of polioviruses, of which humans are the only natural host. Almost all poliovirus infections are mild, invisible, and immunizing, confined to the gastrointestinal tract and spread primarily via fecal-oral contact. But if the poliovirus invades the nervous system and damages the motor neurons of the spinal cord, weakness or paralysis can result, usually affecting voluntary muscles. Five to ten percent of cases die because of paralysis of breathing and/or swallowing muscles.

After centuries as an invisible, harmless, and endemic virus, with only rare, isolated cases of "infantile paralysis" reported, outbreaks of paralytic polio rose as sanitation and public health standards improved. Ironically, as parents tried to keep their infants and toddlers clean and isolated from the "dirt" and other young children, paralytic polio became more of a threat. Lessened exposure to germs meant immune systems that couldn't fight the virus.This left growing numbers of children (and their older siblings and parents) susceptible to nervous system infection when they were inevitably exposed to the poliovirus at a later age – particularly when they first entered school – when their immune systems were less able to respond as effectively. Rapidly growing in numbers and increasingly obsessed with personal hygiene, middle-class families in northern Europe, Australia, and particularly in the new suburban areas of North America, thus became most vulnerable to paralytic polio, especially during the post-World War II baby boom. —C.J.R.

hours of departure that they have had no contact with cases of poliomyelitis."

While the situation seemed to be under control along the Ontario–New York border, alarm grew in Nova Scotia, a destination for Americans feeling the scourge in their own country. Travel restrictions were imposed, but public pressure on the Canadian government to do more grew, though other than applying strict quarantine of paralytic cases – a measure designed more to soothe public anxiety than have any real effect – there was little authorities could do. During the second week of October, an alarming polio outbreak began in Montreal's Westmount district, but by late November, following the Canadian late summer–early fall polio-season pattern, the level of new cases in Montreal and south of the border dropped. Canadian travel restrictions against the U.S. were lifted.

In 1927, when polio once again took on epidemic form in Canada, it was British Columbia and Alberta that were hit first. The disease then seemed to march eastward each year, striking Manitoba in 1928, Ontario in 1929 and 1930, and Quebec in 1931 and 1932. In these years, management of the disease was conducted with an immune serum, known as "convalescent serum," which was prepared from the blood of recovered cases. While people were comforted with articles in popular publications like *Canadian Magazine* that declared convalescent serum a "sure, safe, and widespread means" to combat poliomyelitis, doctors and public health authorities were less assured. Though many provinces in this period fought polio with the serum, providing it free of charge, the value of the serum remained unclear. There was no properly controlled evaluation of its effectiveness because no doctor was willing to withhold it from a child and face the wrath of parents.

The second worst polio year in Canadian history was 1937. Almost four thousand cases were reported across the country, with Ontario – officially reporting 2,546 cases and 119 dead – the most seriously hit. The size, severity, and dramatic intensity of the epidemic came as a major shock to the province. News reports and human-interest stories filled the province's newspapers, especially in Toronto, detailing school closings, convalescent serum, and other dramatic public health measures imposed by the local and provincial health departments. The press coverage also underscored the debates that persisted among doctors, public health authorities, and politicians over the effectiveness of strict quarantines, school closings, and other measures such as keeping children from such public places as pools, movie theatres, and the Canadian National Exhibition.

With polio prevention uncertain and no vaccine foreseen, pressure grew on provincial governments to take a leading role in responding to the disease. Following the 1927 epidemic, the Alberta government built a fully equipped sixty-bed hospital to provide adequate "after-treatment" for polio victims. In Ontario, faced with an unprecedented

HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, TORONTO, ARCHIVES

COURTESY SALLY AITKEN, MONTREAL

Some of the twenty-seven iron lungs (top) manufactured in the basement of the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto during the 1937 polio epidemic.

Elizabeth Kenny demonstrating her revolutionary polio treatment methods in Montreal in 1942. Born in Australia in 1880, Sister Kenny, as she was known, ("sister" being the British designation for "nurse") developed the theory of muscle reeducation – retraining of muscles so they could function again. This was contrary to the conventions of the day, which promoted the immobilization of affected muscles with splints.

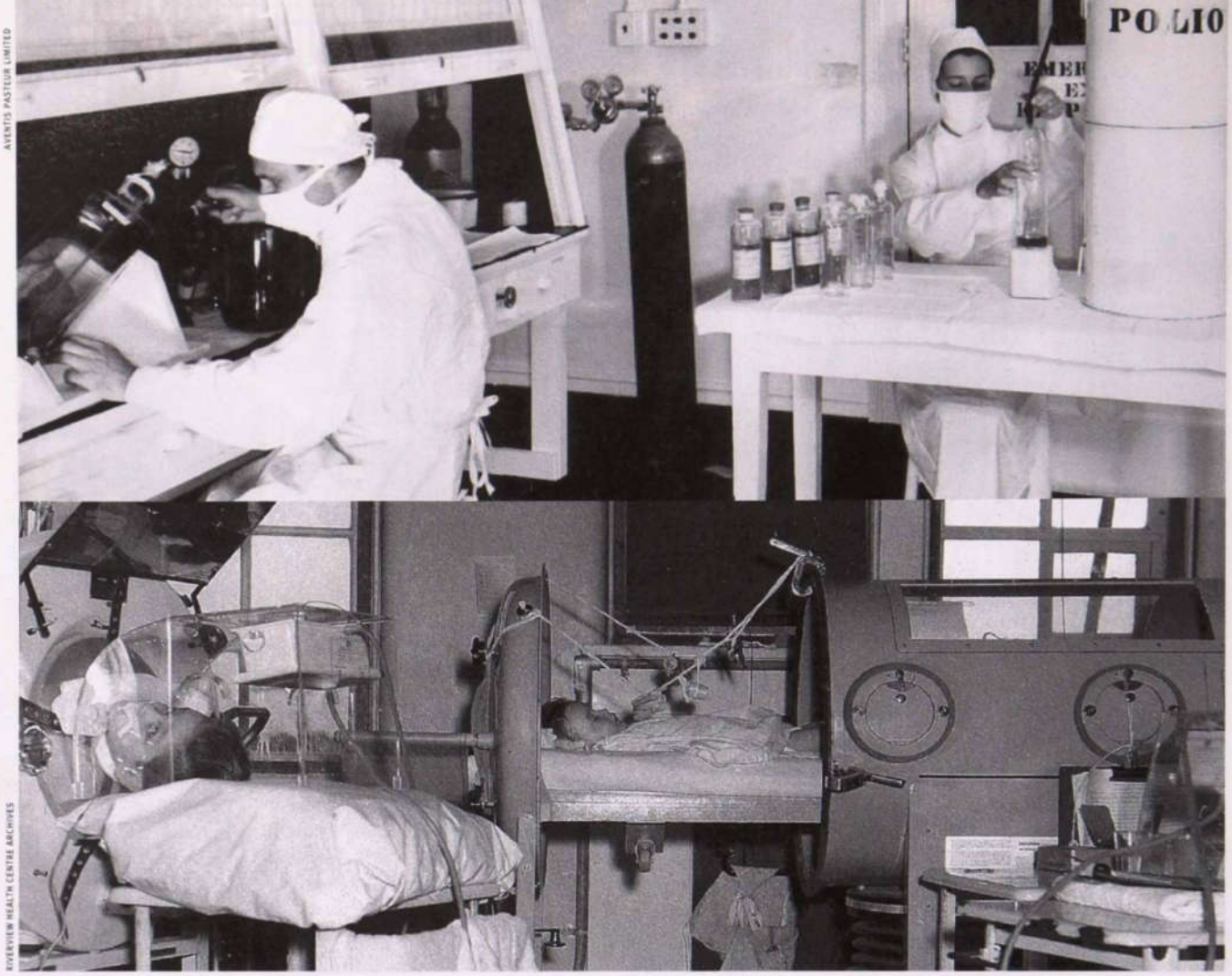
number of disabled children in the wake of the 1937 epidemic, the provincial government established a program of free standardized treatment and hospitalization for all paralytic cases for a three-week period. Because strict immobilization was thought to prevent "unnecessary deformities," the province freely supplied standardized splints, braces, and Bradford frames, which ensured the complete immobilization of patients for long periods so motor neurons damaged by the poliovirus could recover. At the end of the period of free hospitalization, parents were instructed on caring for their polio children at home. Other provinces responded similarly when polio incidences became acute.

Meanwhile, the search for a cure continued. The Ontario government sponsored an experiment on five thousand children of a nasal spray thought to block the poliovirus from entering the nervous system. It not only failed to prevent the disease, in some cases it caused children to temporarily lose their sense of smell, while others lost it permanently.

Treatment, too, advanced. The 1937 epidemic brought alarming numbers of bulbar polio[2] cases in which breathing was impaired, requiring the use of an iron lung. As the epidemic began, only one iron lung existed in Canada, located in the Hospital for Sick Children in Toronto, and it was in use. When a boy was admitted with trouble breathing, the doctors and engineers at the hospital sprang into action and built a wooden lung out of plywood and an experimental respirator for premature infants. While this homemade lung saved the boy's life, it provided no solution to the growing demand. Commercial iron lungs were available, but they couldn't be delivered in time. Instead, over six weeks, the hospital assembled in its basement twenty-seven iron lungs, paid for by the Ontario government, and rush shipped to wherever they were needed.

The strict-immobilization approach to polio treatment

[2]A type of polio that affects nerve centres in the brain stem that control swallowing and talking.



AVENTIS PASTEUR LIMITED

RIVERVIEW HEALTH CENTRE ARCHIVES

Preparation (top) at Connaught Medical Research Laboratories, University of Toronto, of bulk poliovirus fluids used for the U.S. field trial of the Salk polio vaccine, 1954.

Children in iron lungs at Winnipeg's King George Hospital in Winnipeg during the 1953 epidemic.

was also changed in these later years. Under the leadership of Australian nurse Sister Elizabeth Kenny, heat to relieve pain and passive movement to reeducate the affected limbs became the preferred therapy. In doing so, she revolutionized polio treatment, in part because she and other nurses took much of the pressure and frustrations of therapy away from the medical profession.

Polio incidences fell during World War II, but between 1946 and 1953 they struck again, more severely, and in more parts of the world than ever before, including, during the winter of 1948–1949, the Canadian Arctic. Improved hygienic standards, more rapid international travel, a sharply higher birth rate – especially in North America – led to the sharply rising incidence, which reached a crescendo from the summer of 1953 into early 1954. Most disturbing were the high numbers of bulbar cases among young adults. Many hospitals filled rooms with iron lungs. In October, at the King George Hospital in Winnipeg, ninety-two people were dependent on the machines. The Royal Canadian Air Force was dispatched to Boston to pick up respirators. When a thunderstorm knocked out power at Edmonton's Royal Alexandra Hospital, nurses were forced to manually pump each iron lung until power was restored.

SYNTHETIC POLIO VACCINE PREDICTED BY RESEARCHER

Within a few years it is likely an anti-polio vaccine may be produced synthetically, said Dr A.J. Rhodes, of Toronto, addressing doctors from Western Ontario yesterday.
—*London Free Press*, October 2, 1947

Andrew J. Rhodes's prediction was made shortly after he was appointed to the University of Toronto's Connaught Medical Research Laboratories to lead an expanded polio research program. Rhodes, a leading virologist from England, arrived in Toronto at a time when there was a substantial postwar renewal of scientific energies towards solving the enigma of polio. However, progress remained stymied until 1949, when a way was finally found to grow the poliovirus in a test tube, instead of having to rely on mon-

keys for research. Still, not enough vaccine could be produced to be practical until a member of Rhodes's research team tried a new method that involved the synthetic nutrient base known as "Medium 199"–first developed at Connaught for cancer research. The substance provided a chemically pure basis for a safe vaccine that could be produced in sufficient quantity for the millions clamouring for protection from the dreaded disease.

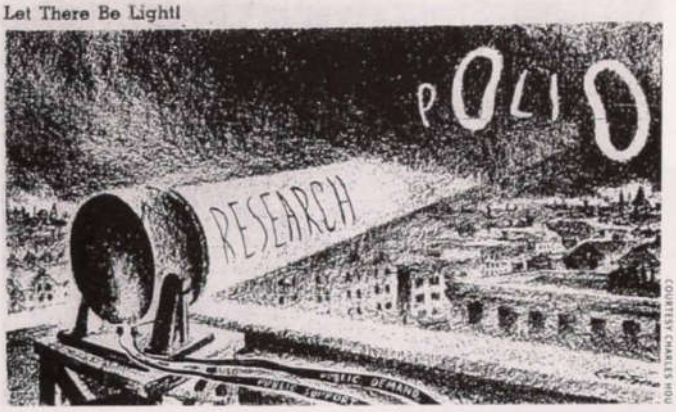
This advance proved crucial to the University of Pittsburgh's Dr. Jonas Salk, who was confident that an inactivated vaccine could stimulate the immune system enough to prevent polio in children if the twin issues of safety and mass production could be solved. In late 1952, residents of a disabled children's residence near Pittsburgh were the first to get Salk's vaccine. The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis (U.S. March of Dimes) poured money into Connaught to expand its methods of growing the virus in a large field trial. In July 1953, the NFIP asked Connaught to provide all the poliovirus fluids required for a U.S. national vaccine field trial set to begin in the spring of 1954.

Through the fall and winter of 1953–1954, large bottles full of poliovirus, totaling 3,000 litres, were sent from Toronto in station wagons over the border to Parke, Davis in Detroit and Eli Lilly in Indianapolis, where the virus fluids were inactivated and processed into a finished vaccine. Salk described Connaught's efforts in this project as "Herculean" in magnitude, and without its collaboration there could never have been a trial, since no American commercial laboratory had the experience or facilities to undertake such a financially risky project.

The first news of a polio vaccine–or renewed hopes that such a vaccine was possible–emerged in 1953 in the middle of Canada's worst polio epidemic year, generating intense public interest in the vaccine. The next spring, the NFIP began its mammoth field trial in the U.S., involving the elaborate tracking of some 1.8 million children who were either given the polio vaccine or a harmless placebo. The results of the trial were announced April 12, 1955 to great fanfare. Washington immediately licensed the vaccine and manufacturers rushed it into production.

In the meantime, Connaught had been preparing and testing a finished vaccine of its own for use in Canada. The trial was about to begin when, at the end of April, public euphoria over the Salk vaccine was shattered: seventy-nine children given the vaccine prepared by Cutter Laboratories in California contracted polio, resulting in the cancellation of the entire American vaccine program. In Canada, Paul Martin, the minister of National Health and Welfare, faced one of his most difficult political decisions: what should Canada do? The prime minister did not want the Canadian trial to continue, but based on Connaught's long experience with the development of the vaccine, and his personal experience with polio–he was stricken in 1907, as was his son, Paul Jr.

Let There Be Light!



COURTESY CHARLES HOU

From the *Montreal Daily Star*, August 12, 1946.

in 1946–Martin maintained his confidence. The Canadian immunization campaign continued with no problems.

Canadian trust in the vaccine bolstered Jonas Salk's bruised resolve and attracted considerable American press and political attention, sharply highlighting, among other things, the differing approaches to public health in the two countries.

The Salk vaccine struck a crippling blow to paralytic polio, but it was not the final answer to bringing the disease under control. Once the great publicity over the vaccine eased, ensuring high immunization rates among schoolchildren became more challenging. An unexpected post-vaccine wave of epidemics hit several provinces between 1958 and 1960, prompting renewed vaccination campaigns, especially among adults, who remained vulnerable to polio during this period. This induced Connaught to develop, mass produce, and test the live Sabin polio vaccine, which, given on a spoon or a sugar cube, was cheaper and easier to administer. (The Sabin vaccine was licensed in Canada in 1962.) Meanwhile, the Salk vaccine became an important international prestige item for Connaught, which soon exported it to countries that would otherwise be without any protection against polio's growing worldwide threat. In Canada, the spectre of polio galvanized a broad range of creative interventions from governments, both provincially and federally, to control and ultimately prevent the disease and provide a variety of free health care services to those stricken by it, regardless of income. As such, it is an important milestone in the evolution of Canada's universal health care system.

Christopher J. Rutty is a Toronto writer, researcher, and consultant.

ET CETERA

A Summer Plague: Polio and its Survivors **by Tony Gould. Yale University Press, New Haven and London, 1995.**

Patenting the Sun: Polio and the Salk Vaccine **by Jane S. Smith. Anchor Books, New York, 1991.**

Dirt and Disease: Polio Before FDR **by Naomi Rogers. Rutgers University Press, New Brunswick, New Jersey, 1990.**

A history of polio prepared by Christopher J. Rutty may be found at <www.polio-vaccine.com>.

James Strange read in a book that a fortune could be made from sea-otter pelts. Unfortunately, he believed what he read.

Strange Voyage

by Philip Jensen

Arriving at Nootka Sound in the summer of 1786, James Strange was one of the first Englishmen to reach the Pacific Northwest. His little-known voyage occurred midway in time between the explorations of Captain James Cook, who preceded him in 1778, and Captain George Vancouver, who followed him in 1793. Unlike these more celebrated figures, Strange was not an officer in the Royal Navy. He was an early entrepreneur with visions of establishing a commercial link between the Pacific Northwest and China.

Strange coveted the sea-otter pelt above all else, but also sought the sea horse, creatures whose teeth were a valuable source of ivory. The final record doesn't indicate any success with these beasts, which we now know as walruses, nor did he ever locate the legendary Copper Island described in William Coxe's *Russian Discoveries*.* He procured only a small cargo of secondhand sea-otter skins of questionable quality. The natives were not yet accustomed to traders, and the only furs they had available were those on their backs.

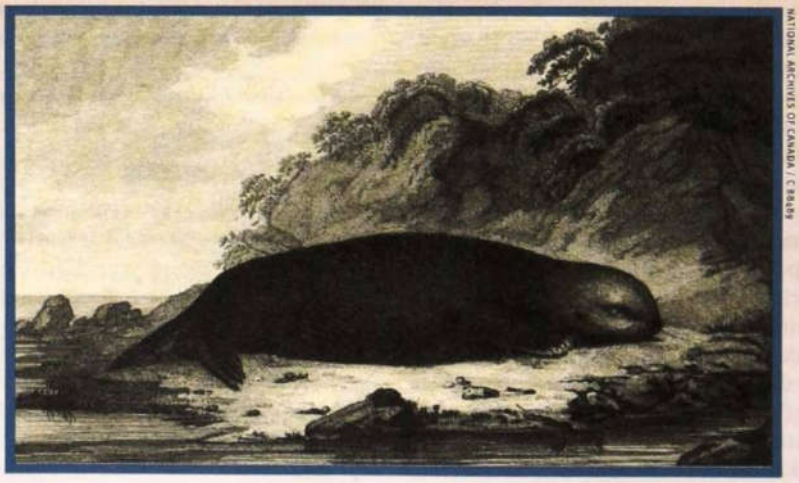
Born on August 8, 1753, James Charles Stuart Strange was the eldest son of Sir Robert Strange and the godson of Bonnie Prince Charlie, the Young Pretender. It was while he was on furlough in England, a dozen years after joining the British East India Company, that he first read the account of Cook's voyages in the Pacific, and became captivated with the thought of the coast of America as a lucrative new field of trade. On his return to India, Strange brought his superiors a proposal for an expedition to the Pacific Northwest, a cooperative business venture to be financed by Strange and his wealthy friend David Scott.

Scott underwrote the expenses, including Strange's share of £10,000, and the company directors provided men, guns, and ammunition, and variety of other necessary supplies. On December 8, 1785, the *Captain Cook* and the *Experiment* departed Bombay. Their itinerary included stops on India's Malabar coast, to purchase a cargo of sandalwood and other commodities to sell in China, before embarking for America. While in China, they also planned to purchase supplies for their long voyage.

Unable to locate a cargo of sandalwood on the Indian coast, Strange sailed instead for Dutch Batavia (now Jakarta, capital of Indonesia) to obtain supplies. After a first night in the government-owned tavern, which was the only lodging available, Strange discovered that seven people had recently died of fever in the bed where he'd slept. He demanded another room only to be told that the one he had was preferable to any of the others. In the best of them, "a man had died of a Putrid fever only Eight and forty hours before my arrival; wheras my Bed had been free from such an Occurrence Six or Eight Days at least." Deciding that privacy wasn't important under the circumstances, he slept on a billiard table for the rest of his time in Batavia.

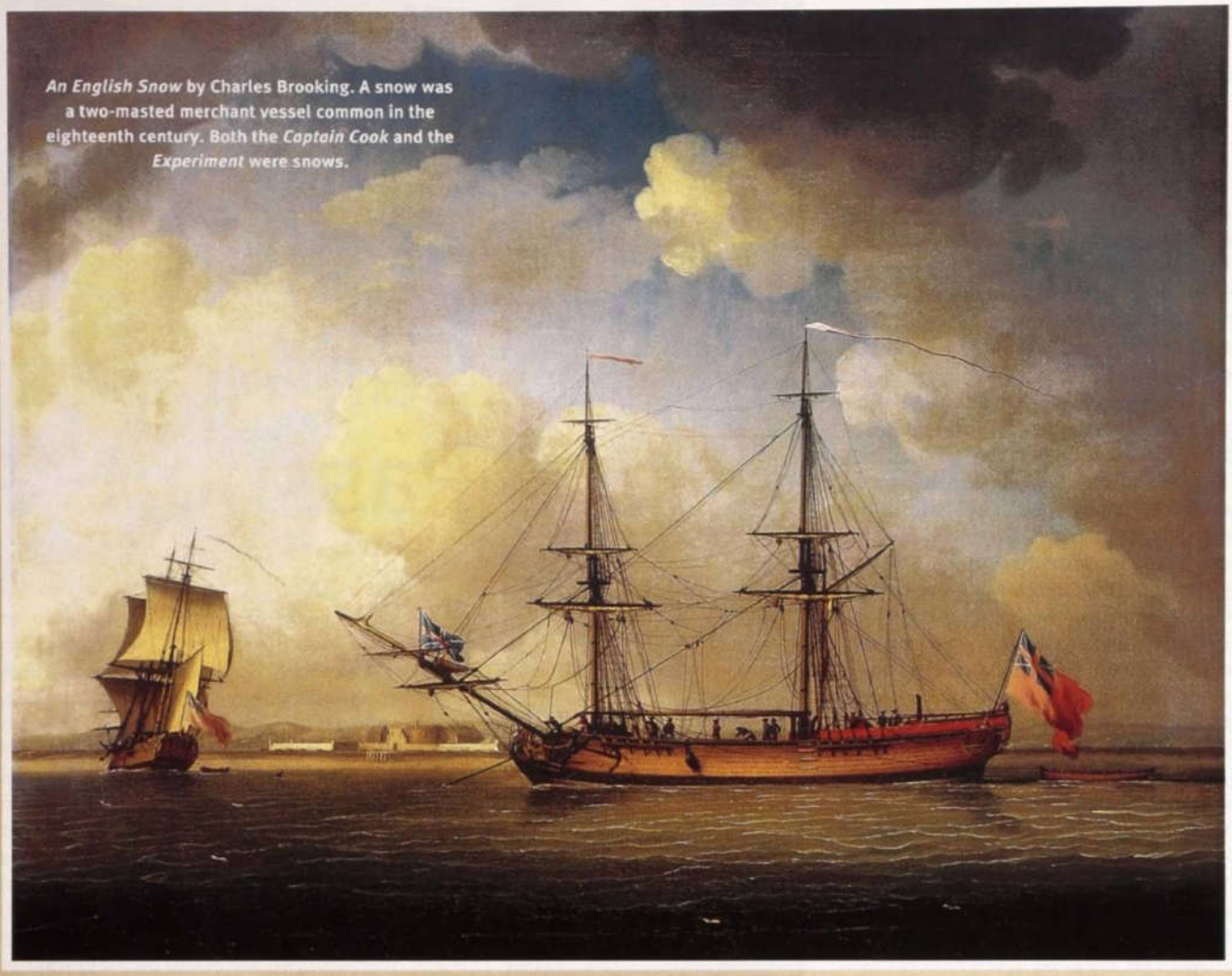
Frustrated by delays in procuring supplies, and unable to get advice about a safe passage through the Straits of Macassar, Strange concluded that the Dutch assumed he was there to explore their jealously guarded Spice Islands (an island group in east

***A Sea Otter, Nootka Sound*, engraving by John Webber (1751–1793), one of the illustrations in James Cook's *A Voyage to the Pacific Ocean*, published in the late eighteenth century. Cook's account was the inspiration for James Strange's expedition to Vancouver Island.**



NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / C 88089

•William Coxe (1747–1828), an English cleric, lived in St. Petersburg for a time in the 1770s. His account of discoveries made by Russians between Asia and North America was published in 1780.



An English Snow by Charles Brooking. A snow was a two-masted merchant vessel common in the eighteenth century. Both the *Captain Cook* and the *Experiment* were snows.

NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM / BHC1021

Indonesia). In a desperate attempt to get his business done, he made it known that money was available to anyone able to facilitate his needs. But the offer of bribes only attracted the attention of men he suspected of working for the government "with a View to find out if possible the Object of Our Voyage."

Being told in confidence that the delays would last until arrangements were made for a small sloop to follow him after leaving port, Strange finally confronted the shebander (harbour master), and within forty-eight hours everything required was aboard. They left Batavia on February 9, only to run aground in the Straits of Macassar a few days later. Although the *Captain Cook* floated off with the tide, the *Experiment* was hard aground, costing them many further days delay.

By the time they sighted the coast of America on June 24, many of the ships' company were suffering from scurvy, so the fresh fish and leeks offered by the natives who came out to greet them were very welcome. Strange reported, "No purchase I afterwards made on the Coast, afforded me a like satisfaction, to that which I felt on distributing this little Mess, to our poor Invalids, who would scarcely allow them time enough to be heated through."

Those early encounters also brought Strange his first sea-otter skins. "I this Day got several, all of which however, were old and ragged," he said. "I was not much surprised that this should be the case, when I considered the Profession of the Wretches from whom I purchased them, & who in selling them, probably parted with all their Wardrobe."

The trade continued to be disappointing. What few skins were available required hours of work to prepare for market. Strange wrote, "From the first day on which I had any intercourse with the Natives of America, until the hour in which I anchor'd in Macao Roads, no two Days elapsed, in which I was not laboriously employed in this Occupation, generally Eight hours every day."

They stayed a month in Nootka, long enough to acquire every pelt in the area. When the time came to move on, Strange left John Mackay, surgeon of the *Experiment*, with Chief Maquilla and his family, planning to pick him up the following year. Meanwhile Mackay would study the customs and language of the Nootka people, and build a relationship that would be useful for future trade.

Following the coast in a northeasterly direction, Strange continued to find furs in short supply. But he carried on exploring, naming Cape Scott at the upper end of Vancouver Island after his partner, and taking possession of Queen Charlotte's Sound for Britain. Near an abandoned village on

the west shore of Nigei Island (near present-day Port Hardy), he cut a hole in a large tree, hiding a cache of trade items together with the name of his ships and the date. (If the tree has survived winter storms and logging, the treasure may still be there awaiting discovery.)

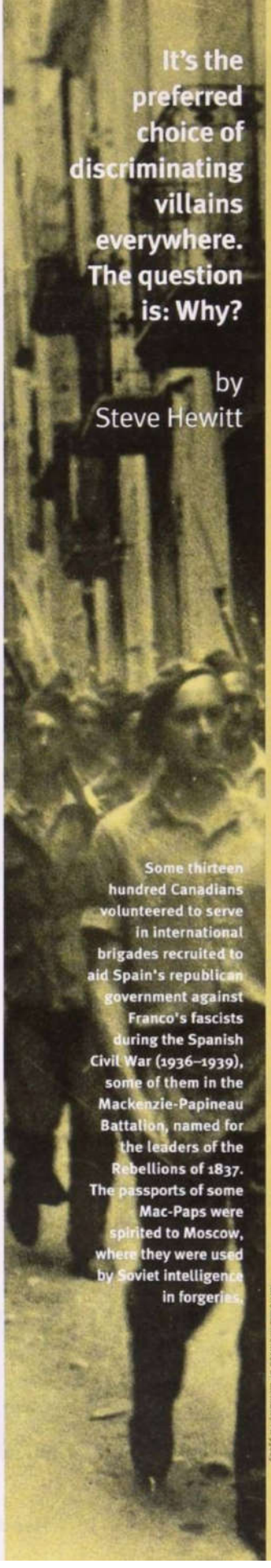
On September 5, Strange was startled to encounter an English ship from Bengal. The equally surprised Captain Tipping of the *Sea Otter* reluctantly revealed that he was on a mission similar to Strange's own. Dismayed that he now had to compete for an already scarce commodity, Strange decided to end the venture. Ordering the *Experiment* to sail for China, he continued north in the *Captain Cook*. If they could locate Copper Island the expedition might be salvaged. Believed to be located near 54 degrees north latitude and 182 degrees east longitude, the island's shores were said to be covered with copper enough to make up many rich cargoes.

On September 16, 1786, the *Experiment* bore away from Prince William Sound, reaching Macao Roads on November 15, 1786. The *Captain Cook* arrived with bad news a month later. Due to storms, sickness, and a shortage of provisions, they'd never reached Copper Island. The 604 otter skins aboard the *Experiment* brought $24,000 on the China market, far less than the cost of the voyage. No sea-horse teeth or copper were listed as part of the cargo. Strange never returned to the Pacific Northwest, and Mackay was returned home by a rival trader.

Philip Jensen is a Victoria writer.

ET CETERA

James Strange's Journal and Narrative of the Commercial Expedition from Bombay to the Northwest Coast of America. **With Introductory material by James Strange, A.V. Venkatarama Ayyar, John Hosie, and F.W. Howay. Ye Galleon Press, Fairfield, Washington, 1982.**



It's the preferred choice of discriminating villains everywhere. The question is: Why?

by Steve Hewitt

The Secret History of the Canadian Passport

On August 20, 1940, in Mexico City, a Soviet assassin wielded a pickaxe to crush the skull of Leon Trotsky. In London, England, on June 8, 1968, the murderer of Martin Luther King, Jr. was arrested as he prepared to board a flight to Brussels. On December 14, 1999, United States Customs officials at Port Angeles, Washington, caught a member of the terrorist organization Al Qaeda with bomb-making equipment in the trunk of his rented Chrysler. These seemingly unrelated events have one major factor in common: all three men carried Canadian passports.

In the ongoing debate about securing the North American perimeter in a post-September 11 world, questions about the security of Canadian passports, indeed about Canadian immigration policy in general, have abounded. Politicians and members of the media on both sides of the forty-ninth parallel have lobbed repeated allegations about the ease by which a Canadian passport can be obtained. Lost as usual in an avalanche of accusations is the broader historical context which reveals that all of the questions being discussed in the present echo back as far as the 1930s.

Then it was not a hostile terrorist organization but an antagonistic intelligence service that sought Canadian passports to further its nefarious ends. Soviet intelligence hunted Canadian passports for utilization by its "illegals"–intelligence agents with phony identities sent abroad to conduct espionage. Some Communist Party of Canada members served as one resource for the prized documents. Another supply came from "tombstoning," whereby Soviet agents or their allies would stroll through Canadian cemeteries looking for dates of birth that matched the background of a potential illegal as part of the

Some thirteen hundred Canadians volunteered to serve in international brigades recruited to aid Spain's republican government against Franco's fascists during the Spanish Civil War (1936–1939), some of them in the Mackenzie-Papineau Battalion, named for the leaders of the Rebellions of 1837. The passports of some Mac-Paps were spirited to Moscow, where they were used by Soviet intelligence in forgeries.

NATIONAL ARCHIVES OF CANADA / PA 139139

process of constructing a new identity. A small northern Ontario town called Haileybury became a hotspot for tombstoning in the 1930s because twice previously major fires had destroyed local records making it impossible to do a proper background check on anyone from the area who applied for a passport. One historian alleges that as many as forty illegals carried passports based on information from Haileybury cemeteries.

In the latter 1930s the Communist International (Comintern) proved an additional source for Canadian passports. These originated with the volunteers who travelled to Europe to fight in the Spanish Civil War as members of the Mackenzie-Papineau battalion. Comintern officials kept the passports of as many as six hundred men, some of whom subsequently died in the fighting, and forwarded them on to Moscow. The passport number from Tony Babich, a volunteer killed in Spain, ende d up in a forged Canadian passport und er the fictional name of Frank Jacson. Soviet intelligence issued that forgery to its agent, Ramon Mercader del Rio, whose axe met Trotsky's skull in 1940.

Although Soviet intelligence's interest in Canadian passports continued after World War II, others sought them as well. People smugglers, especially from historically nonpreferred immigration sources such as Asia and the Caribbean, wanted the documents. So did criminals desiring access to the United States or, in the case of one individual, seeking to flee justice in the United States. On April 4, 1968, James Earl Ray shot and killed Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. in Memphis, Tennessee. He then fled to Canada where (the RCMP later discovered after examining nearly 175,000 applications), much to the embarrassment of the Canadian government, he obtained a passport in the name of George Ramon Sneyd. Before being apprehended, he used it to travel to the United Kingdom.

Even a friendly foreign power has taken its turn at misusing Canadian passports. Israel's famed foreign intelligence agency, Mossad, utilized Canadian passports in a 1973 operation in Norway that resulted in the death of a Lebanese waiter mistaken for a Palestinian terrorist. In the 1990s, controversy surrounding Mossad and Canadian passports emerged again. First, a book by a former Mossad member revealed the existence of an Israeli laboratory for the purpose of forging foreign passports including the Canadian variety. Then, in 1997, two Mossad agents carrying forged Canadian passports were arrested in Jordan after they botched the assassination of a leading member of the Palestinian group Hamas.

Finally, closer to the present, a fraudulently obtained Canadian passport in the fictional name of Benni Noris found its way into the hands of Al Qaeda member Ahmed Ressam, the man arrested at the U.S.-Canadian border in December 1999. Ressam, an Algerian in Canada illegally, was on his way to plant explosives at Los Angeles International Airport in a terrorist attack designed to coincide with the millennium celebrations.

If, as these examples demonstrate, a long history of Canadian passports being abused by a number of interests exists, there have been equally lengthy efforts by the Canadian state to address the problem. As early as 1949, a senior member of the RCMP warned that "the reputation of our country abroad had suffered" because "of a general feeling that Canadian passports were ... strangely easy to obtain."

The historic response to the dilemma followed two general paths: ascertain the extent of the misuse and tighten the system so as to lessen passport fraud. Taking charge of the first course was the RCMP while the Department of External Affairs, the body with authority over the issuing of passports, followed the second.

As early as the Great Depression, the RCMP had begun investigations of efforts by Canadian Communists to obtain birth certificates. Then, in 1951, it launched "Operation West Wind" to retroactively search over 100,000 passport records in an effort to uncover Soviet illegals employing Canadian false identities, including those that came from Haileybury. Simultaneously, it repeatedly advocated to the Canadian government and the Department of External Affairs that more be done about passport security. Its favourite solution from the 1930s to the 1960s (and one with echoes in today's debate over identity cards) was fingerprinting every passport applicant.

Before World War II, External Affairs expressed a reluctance to tighten the passport system, arguing that any abuses occurred only on a limited basis. This attitude changed after the war, when the Royal Commission on Espionage, charged with investigating Soviet defector Igor Gouzenko's revelations of Communist spy ring in Canada, explicitly recommended reforms to the passport system. The department now made overtures to the RCMP for suggestions on how to improve passport security.

Despite considerable discussion over a number of years, little substantive change occurred until 1968 when Pierre Trudeau and his cabinet enacted measures that created the rules for passport issuance that would remain in place until the era of Ressam's arrest and the attacks of September 11. Left out of the 1968 reforms was the RCMP's long-desired fingerprint. Earlier in the 1960s, the Mounties had gone so far as to recommend to Prime Minister John Diefenbaker and his cabinet the creation of "a system of compulsory national registration combined with fingerprinting of all Canadian citizens at home and abroad." The benefit of what would in effect have been a national identity-card scheme, advised the RCMP, would be to prevent real passports from being acquired through deceit. On the other hand, the force added, other types of passport fraud would not be stopped, and the cost

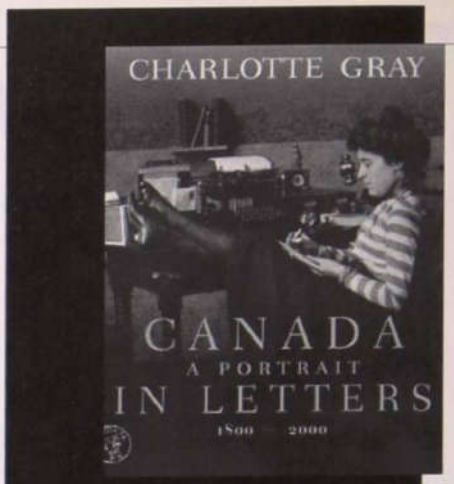
and resources required for such an undertaking would be enormous.

Thus, as the misuses of passports in the present have their echoes in the past, so do the recommended solutions. Ironically, both in the current and historic debate, the ultimate question of all has largely remained ignored: why have Canadian passports been repeatedly misused by a wide range of foreign interests? In answering this question, too often the "how" has been confused with the "why." Critics point to the ease with which a Canadian passport has in the past been obtained. In Quebec, for example, simply producing a baptismal certificate issued by the Catholic Church was considered sufficient identification to obtain a passport. This loophole has now been closed and the federal government has introduced other changes such as contacting guarantors listed on passport applications and redesigned passports made more difficult to forge.

The "why," however, remains unaddressed; ultimately nothing can be done about it since the factors at work have nothing to do with the ease or difficulty involved in fraudulently obtaining a passport. Canadian passports have historically been targeted for fraud for three general reasons: the nation's close proximity to the United States, the relative anonymity of Canadian citizenship and positive international attitudes towards Canada (in contrast to more controversial polities like the United States and the United Kingdom,) and, finally, the increasingly multicultural nature of Canada, which means there is not a single person on earth, be he or she a member of Mossad, Al Qaeda, or some other foreign interest, who could not legitimately claim to carry a Canadian passport. In other words, the "why" factors are inherent to Canada's place in the world and will persist, as will passport fraud, as long as the Canadian passport continues to exist.

Steve Hewitt is a lecturer in the Department of American and Canadian Studies at the University of Birmingham in the United Kingdom. He is author of *Spying 101: The RCMP's Secret Activities at Canadian Universities, 1917–1997*, and, with Reg Whitaker, of *Canada and the Cold War*. He can be contacted through his website at <www.spying101.com>.

YOURS TRULY



Canada: A Portrait in Letters, 1800–2000
by Charlotte Gray
Doubleday, Toronto, 2003
536 pp., illus., $45 hardcover

Those familiar with Charlotte Gray's masterful handling of letters in her biographies of Pauline Johnson or the sisters Catharine Parr Traill and Susannah Moodie, will open this latest volume with keen anticipation. They will not be disappointed. This book invites the reader to lean back and relax with the young woman on its cover, and return to Canada's past, guided by the author, and in the agreeable company of the engaging people whose outpourings fill its pages.

As the author notes, "A letter is rarely written with a view to posterity: instead, it captures the unique moment at which it is composed." Attempting to create a portrait of a country as vast and varied as Canada over a two-hundred-year period through personal letters must have been daunting. The choice of the letters from the thousands identified through diligent research was, by the author's own admission, a lonely and agonizing task. However, the end result is a happy composite that provides new ways to gain a deeper understanding of our past.

The 217 letters selected have been organized into four chronological sections, each covering fifty years: A Surge of Settlers 1800–1850; A Nation Takes Shape 1850–1900; A Half Century of Battles 1900–1950; and Hurtling Towards the Millennium 1950–2000. Within this framework, Gray represents a wide variety of points of view. Included are letters from children, adults, and the elderly, from men and especially women, from the famous and the anonymous, from people with a range of social and ethnic backgrounds, and from all regions of the country. Each section and each letter receives a succinct introduction in which the personable and sensitive voice of the author speaks directly to us, conveying her perceptive take on the importance of each contribution and why she included it. The presentation of the letters is enhanced by a number of useful devices. Illustrations and maps appear in the text just where they are most helpful. An index allows the reader to dip in wherever fancy leads, and the list of sources allows further pursuit of particularly fascinating correspondents. Most of the sources are published works, but there are a tantalizing number from archives and private collections that open up fresh possibilities for the dedicated researcher.

Understandably, in a work this ambitious there are gaps or misinterpretations that those with specialized knowledge would notice. With my familiarity with the Hudson's Bay Company's history, I noted a few inaccuracies. For example, the four posts mentioned on page 16 were not "sturdy stone buildings," though the ruins of Fort Prince of Wales and the soon-to-be constructed Lower Fort Garry were both built of stone; the North West Company rivalled the Hudson's Bay Company from the 1780s, not the 1750s (p. 41); the "Undelivered Letters" in the Hudson's Bay Company Archives, not the "Lost Letters," are the source for James Gunn's missive (p. 94); and Fort Vancouver was in what is now Washington state, not Vancouver, B.C., as shown on the map (p. 132). No doubt there are similar small lapses; however they in no way detract from the impact and fascination with the stories told by the author and the many correspondents.

This book deserves a place on the bookshelves of everyone who values Canadian history. It can be read from beginning to end, but will continue to provide entertainment and insight every time it is opened to follow up on a specific event, time period, or individual. Like the best of painted images, this portrait of a country is drawn from a unique and authentic perspective that captures its essence and spirit.

Reviewed by **Judith Hudson Beattie**, retired Keeper of the Hudson's Bay Company Archives and coauthor of *Undelivered Letters*.

COLD QUEST

Hunkering down for the long, dark northern winter with a stack of good books is something of a Canadian tradition, and this year, armchair adventurers are blessed with two interesting historical narratives from Canada's heroic age in the Arctic, *The Man Who Mapped the Arctic: The Intrepid Life of George Back, Franklin's Lieutenant* and *Ancient Mariner: The Amazing Adventures of Samuel Hearne, the Sailor Who Walked to the Arctic Ocean*. There is something strangely comforting about settling down after dinner in a comfortable chair in a warm, well-lit room and reading about the deprivations of adventurers in an era when the winter was longer, colder, and darker than most of us can even dream of, food was frequently scarce, and explorers had to be exceptionally tough, physically and mentally, just to survive.

George Back and Samuel Hearne were both undeniably tough. Before venturing to the Arctic on the expeditions that would make them famous, they began their careers as midshipmen in the Royal Navy (Hearne at age twelve, during the Seven Years War; and Back at age eleven, half a century later, during the Napoleonic Wars)—training that either broke a man or hardened him. Apart from their early rude introduction to the world, their

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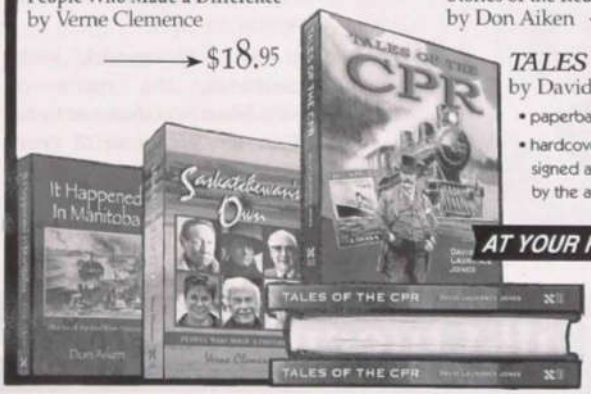

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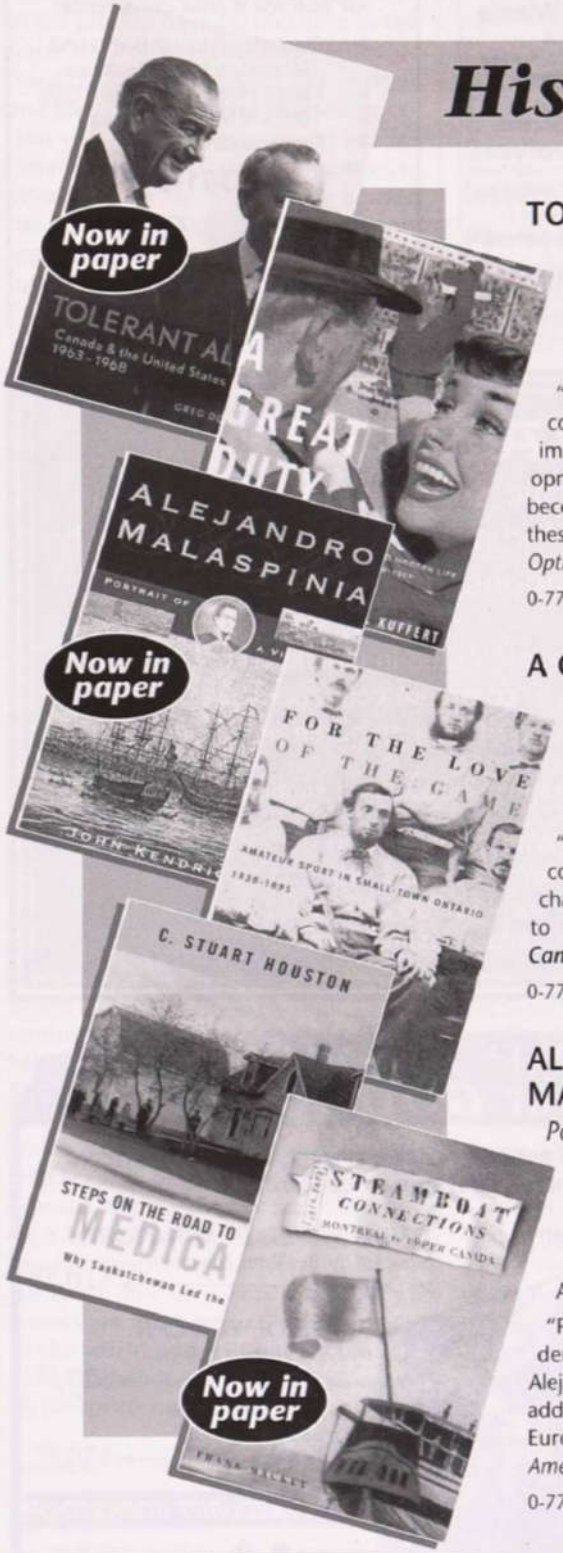

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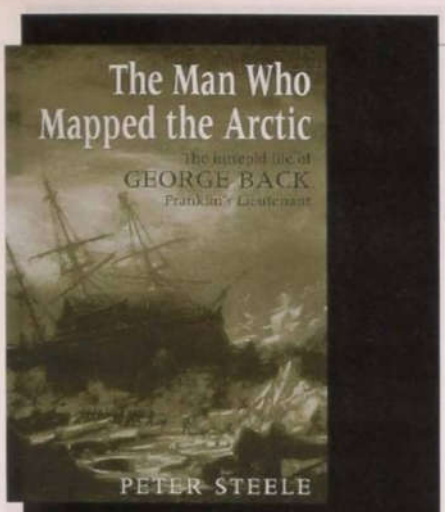
careers and lives varied greatly.

Anyone familiar with the search for the Northwest Passage will have read about Back's exploits on Sir John Franklin's two overland expeditions to chart the northern coast while searching for a Northwest Passage in 1819–1823 and 1825–1828. In *The Man Who Mapped the Arctic*, author Peter Steele also details Back's later, and lesser-known, exploits, such as his command of an expedition up the Great Fish River, and his ill-fated voyage in 1836 that became ice-locked near Southampton Island in Hudson Bay. Back survived dozens of potentially fatal incidents in his many years in the Arctic and lived to the age of eighty-two, surviving his wife and dying in the comfort of his home in London, knighted and an admiral.

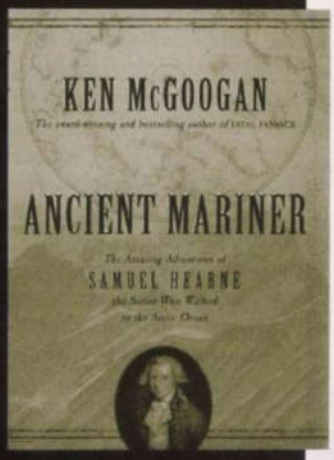
Back was continuously drawn to the harsh beauty of Canada's north, not just because he needed a job, but because of the immediacy, unpredictability, and simplicity of life free from the social constraints of "civilized" society. He was a man of great strength and constitution, a leader and survivalist who exerted himself and risked his life in defence of his comrades. Refreshingly, Steele doesn't shy away from the less savoury side of Back's character – the arrogance and selfishness that earned him the enmity and disrespect of many of his compatriots and fellow adventurers. My one disappointment is that *The Man Who Mapped the Arctic* lacks immediacy as a narrative: Back's story is interesting, but Steele's account is not as lively or gripping as the tale warrants, although this improves somewhat towards the end of the book.

Samuel Hearne's life path was considerably different from Back's. He left the Royal Navy in 1763, signed on with the Hudson's Bay Company, and spent two decades along the frigid rim of Hudson Bay. He explored great swaths of terrain in the northern portions of the current provinces of Manitoba and Saskatchewan before embarking on the grand quest for which he is most famous. Hearne's two-year overland trek from 1770 to 1772 led him, along with Matonabbee (his friend and guide) and a band of natives, north over thousands of miles of some of the most inhospitable terrain on earth, seeking evidence of a Northwest Passage and the rumoured source of a large copper deposit. Along the Coppermine River, near the Arctic Ocean, at Bloody Falls (where Back would travel years later and draw a sketch of the terrain), Hearne witnessed a sickening slaughter – his native travelling com-



The Man Who Mapped the Arctic: The Intrepid Life of George Back, Franklin's Lieutenant
by Peter Steele
Raincoast Books, Vancouver, 2003
288 pp., $39.95 hardcover

Ancient Mariner: The Amazing Adventures of Samuel Hearne, the Sailor Who Walked to the Arctic Ocean
by Ken McGoogan
HarperCollins, Toronto, 2003
333 pp., $36.95 hardcover



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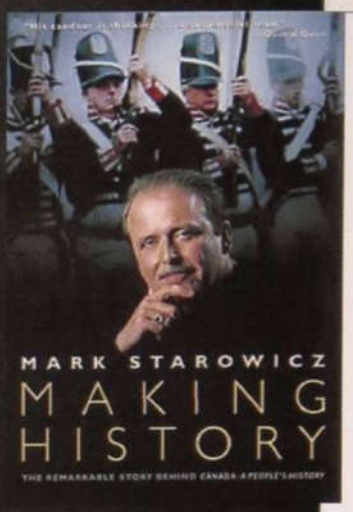
panions butchered an unsuspecting band of Inuit, their hereditary enemies. The brutality and seeming senselessness of the act stayed with Hearne the remainder of his life. The Coppermine journey was the apex of Hearne's career. He departed Hudson Bay in 1787, leaving his country wife behind, and died from dropsy in 1792 when he was only forty-seven years old. In *Ancient Mariner*, author Ken McGoogan convincingly argues that Hearne was the inspiration and foundation for the main character in Samuel Taylor Coleridge's *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*.

My one issue with *Ancient Mariner* is that it is not entirely nonfiction–characters are given unsubstantiated dialogue, and some scenes are entirely fabricated. It is my belief, and I suspect that I'm not alone in this, that quotation marks in a nonfiction work indicate that the text originated from somewhere other than the author's imagination. McGoogan's periodical shifting from nonfiction to fiction undermines the credibility of his considerable research, yet adds little to the narrative. McGoogan is a fantastic writer when he sticks to the known facts–his writing is lively, crisp, and captivating. His intuitive assessment of people and their motivations is persuasive. Absent the awkward fictional interludes, *Ancient Mariner* is one of the most rewarding, informative, and fascinating historical accounts of recent years.

Reviewed by **Stephen Bown**, the author of *Scurvy: How a Surgeon, a Mariner and a Gentleman Solved the Greatest Medical Mystery of the Age of Sail.*

CHUTZPAH CHRONICLES



Making History
By Mark Starowicz
McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, 2003
352 pp., illus., $34.99

The subtitle of Mark Starowicz's book is *The Remarkable Story Behind Canada: A People's History*. And remarkable it truly is. CBC wunderkind Starowicz does not suffer from that shy lack of confidence that holds back so many talented Canadians. The controversial head of CBC Documentaries decides he wants to produce the most expensive documentary TV series ever in Canada, chronicling 400 years in seventeen

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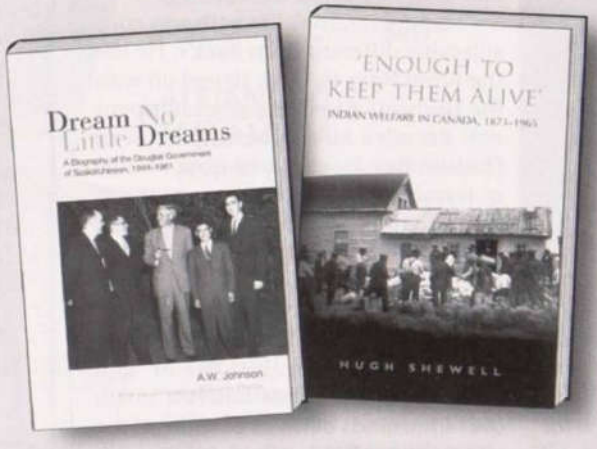

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hours of television. He attacks his mission with a first-generation immigrant's cockiness and chutzpah. Starowicz is bound and determined to succeed, no matter who or what stands in his way. He plans his attacks on sources of funding as if conducting a major campaign of a world war. For him, it is no less than an epic struggle to excite Canadians with the grandeur and emotion of our own, yes, "remarkable" history.

And for all the criticisms that have been made of the TV series itself–wooden acting, overwrought narration tediously delivered, etc.–one cannot be but overwhelmed and admiring of the extraordinary tenacity of the man who fought so many battles over so many years to bring this monumental series to television.

The book is rife with fascinating details from Starowicz's diary, chronicling private meetings with Governor General Romeo Leblanc (who offered to help convince nervous bureaucrats and politicians to support the production), scary moments filming in a small boat sinking in the Atlantic, and fascinating details involved in recreating the Battle of the Plains of Abraham. At times self-deprecating, more often self-aggrandizing, Starowicz is the ultimate salesman. (This rather un-Canadian characteristic makes many uncomfortable).

The production is hugely costly, both financially and personally. During the four-year process, three crewmembers die, several marriages disintegrate (including Starowicz's), and many relations turn sour. Perhaps most damaging for Canadians is the collapse of negotiations between the National Film Board of Canada and the CBC. The NFB pulls out of the production when it is clear that it will always be treated as a minority partner with little editorial input. Management styles are out of sync and NFB executives bristle at what they consider to be Starowicz's imperious nature.

A running theme throughout the book is the extraordinary difficulty Starowicz had raising money for the series. He is continually rebuffed by the private sector–BCE, the big banks, and, repeatedly, by senior CBC man-

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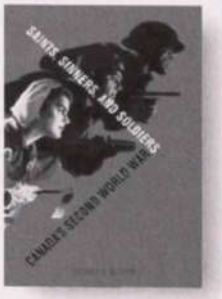

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agement. Yet he soldiers on with an indomitable, indefatigable spirit. The man seems possessed.

Perhaps Starowicz's most impressive achievement in creating this TV series was to convince the French and English sides of the CBC to work together. The two CBC solitudes had never really collaborated before – both proud and protective of their own independence, their cultures possessing contrasting management styles and instincts. This was truly a Herculean task involving much persuasion and the innumerable lunches in Old Montreal. The process of trying to create a bilingual, bicultural production team, which in the end depended on two or three heroic individuals at Radio Canada who bought into Starowicz's vision, is revealed in fascinating detail.

While the eventual production and broadcast of the series is considered a triumph, garnering strong ratings and widespread critical praise, one wonders at the personal cost of it all.

Why was it – why does it remain – so extraordinarily difficult to finance and produce important, revelatory programming chronicling Canadian history? Countless polls, surveys, and anecdotal evidence reveal that Canadians do care about our history and want to see more of it on television. But it is difficult and expensive to do well. So apart from the CBC and History Television, broadcasters shy away from history programming, taking the safer course of pandering to advertisers and commercial instincts. The most popular Canadian-produced television programs are mindless entertainment shows, copied from elsewhere, like *Pop Stars* and *Canadian Idol*. Starowicz has managed to hold some of his production team together at the CBC to continue producing history television with his new series *The Canadian Experience*. And independent producers struggle to make documentaries and the occasional TV drama chronicling great moments and characters in Canada's history.

A complex, intelligent, immensely capable man, tyrannical and ambitious, proud and unstoppable, Starowicz's impressive legacy of television programs are a significant achievement, awakening many Canadians to the fascinating characters and wonderful stories that are our history.

Reviewed by **Peter Raymont**, an independent Toronto-based documentary filmmaker.

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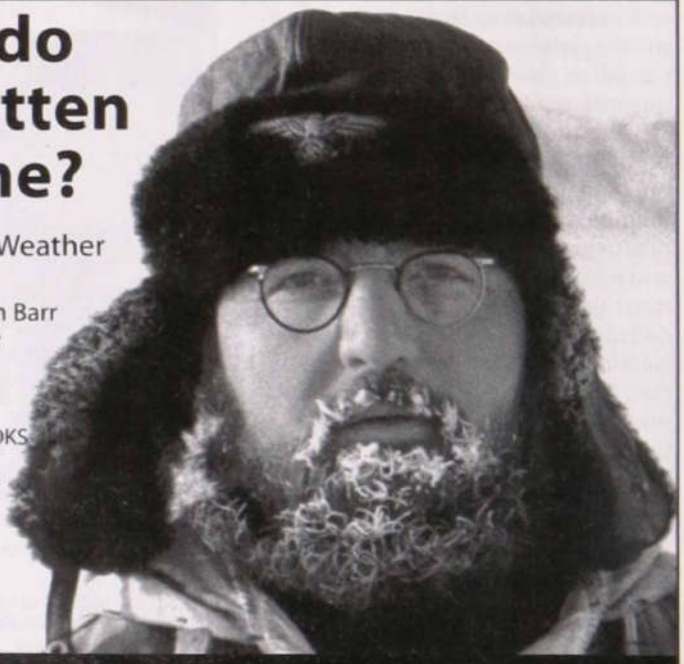

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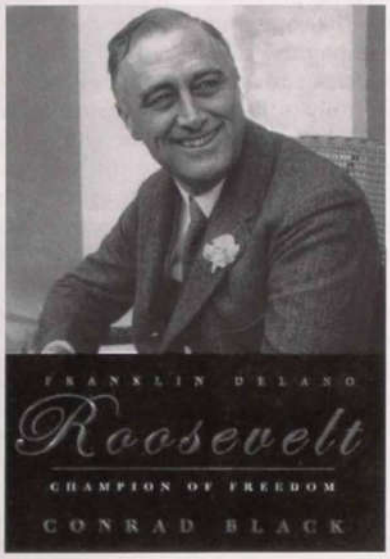
Christopher Moore

Conrad Black's Franklin Roosevelt

There is a moment in Conrad Black's immense biography of Franklin Delano Roosevelt when the author considers the president's situation early in 1939. President Roosevelt, he says, knew there would be war. He knew he would ensure the United States was drawn into that war (all the while promising to keep it out). He knew Germany and Japan would be defeated in the war, and he knew how the United States would shape the international order afterwards. "He cannot have failed to have glimpsed this destiny," writes Black.

How can Black be so sure the president foresaw the future so precisely? "Roosevelt must have known all this because there is no other plausible explanation of his conduct."

Frankly, I resist this kind of argument. No one's knowledge of the world's fate, or of his own future choices, is ever so certain. Human events are endlessly contingent, their consequences always uncertain. Extraordinary clairvoyance may seem the only explanation for Roosevelt's conduct, but his choices might have had twenty other potential explanations, if we could only discern them all.



Still, much of the power of Black's extraordinary book comes from the author's conviction that what made Roosevelt "the most important person of the twentieth century" was precisely his almost-superhuman ability to see what had to be done and how to do it. Black's 1,200 small-print pages are devoted to building a case for Roosevelt's "unfailing intuition," his "acute intuition," his "political legerdemain," his "intuitive political genius," his "singular political genius," his "immense political dexterity," his "almost preternatural insight and finesse."

Roosevelt's long tenure in the White House spanned two great epochs: the Great Depression and the Second World War. On the Depression, Black demonstrates just how bad things were in 1932 and how far the U.S. had recovered by 1940, and he is good on the way Roosevelt co-opted allies and marginalized opponents without ever getting a step beyond public opinion. But amid descriptions of an alphabet soup of agencies and programs, it remains mysterious just how they produced economic recovery, or how Roosevelt – the until-then rather lightweight political adventurer – developed his strategies to bring the nation

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back from economic collapse. (Among Roosevelt's creations was the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission, which in early 2004 was investigating Black's dealings with the public companies he headed.)

Life really surges into Black's prose some five hundred pages into his story as he approaches the Second World War. The grand strategy of the war may now be a familiar story to anyone interested, but Black explores it with an unwearying attention to detail, and he offers many vigorous and well-supported interpretations. Among his provocative contentions is the case that Roosevelt was a winner in planning the postwar situation. Black savages the traditional conservative critique that the naively liberal American president was gulled at the 1945 Yalta Conference by the ruthless Stalin.

Many commentators have observed how odd it is that the conservative Black has made such a case for the glories of liberalism in both economic policy and international diplomacy. Indeed, he demolishes many shibboleths of conservatism. Of course Ronald Reagan's entire program was essentially tax reduction – but who would have expected Conrad Black to say so?

Black's real news, however, is not that Roosevelt was a great liberal. It's that he was one tough SOB. When Black is done, there's no more Mr. "Nice Guy" President. Beneath all of Roosevelt's idealistic platforms and great personal charm (meeting him was "like opening one's first bottle of champagne," said Churchill memorably), Black convincingly depicts an absolutely solitary soul, a man who never had or needed friendship, cared for no one, and was unceasingly manipulative and calculating as he exploited that intuitive command of events he always seemed to have.

Black dismisses the crackpot theory that Roosevelt connived at the attack on Pearl Harbour, but goes very far in his argument that Roosevelt very deliberately pursued policies that would provoke Germany and Japan into attacking the United States so he could take his reluctant country to war as the injured innocent. "His techniques, while bloodless, were not always much less ruthless, devious, and cynical than Hitler's or Stalin's," Black concludes. At this level, evidently, good work is too precious to be entrusted to good people.

That so many Canadian millionaires flare out as rapidly as they rose may have inoculated us against the notion that the acquisition of wealth must be proof of brilliance. By writing books like this one, however, Conrad Black gives us a much better way to gauge his knowledge and his judgment (and his allegedly baroque prose style). I found his writing consistently serious, but always clear and sometimes forceful. I did reach for my dictionary at page 925 when he described Marshal Tito in an "exiguous" bathing suit.* But it's no weakness in a book that you find one new word in 1,200 pages.

A big book should change its subject, and Black changes Roosevelt by revealing with new force and clarity the cold political operator within Roosevelt and how that made it possible for the president to do whatever was required to become the "champion of liberty" on a national and then global scale.

Will this book also change Conrad Black? Perhaps it will, if it persuades him that he truly is a writer able to handle the big book and the big subject. Amid mostly very good reviews, one American critic sneered at Black's *Roosevelt* as a "vanity press" effort. We should rather – a crucial distinction – understand it as a labour of love. It's far too long, way too detailed, and too much at odds with his image and his interests, to have been written simply in the service of the ego or the self-promotion of a public figure. It seems, early in 2004, that there may not have been much of lasting value in Conrad Black's business career or his political manoeuvres. But has he a future as a writer of history if he wants one? Yes, he does.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt: Champion of Freedom **by Conrad Black was published by Public Affairs in 2003 and is distributed in Canada by HarperCollins.**

*Exiguous means "scanty."

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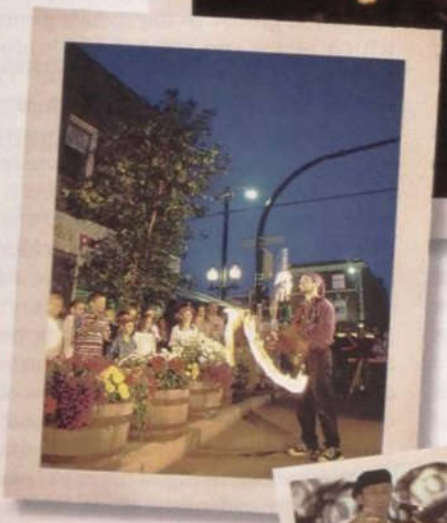

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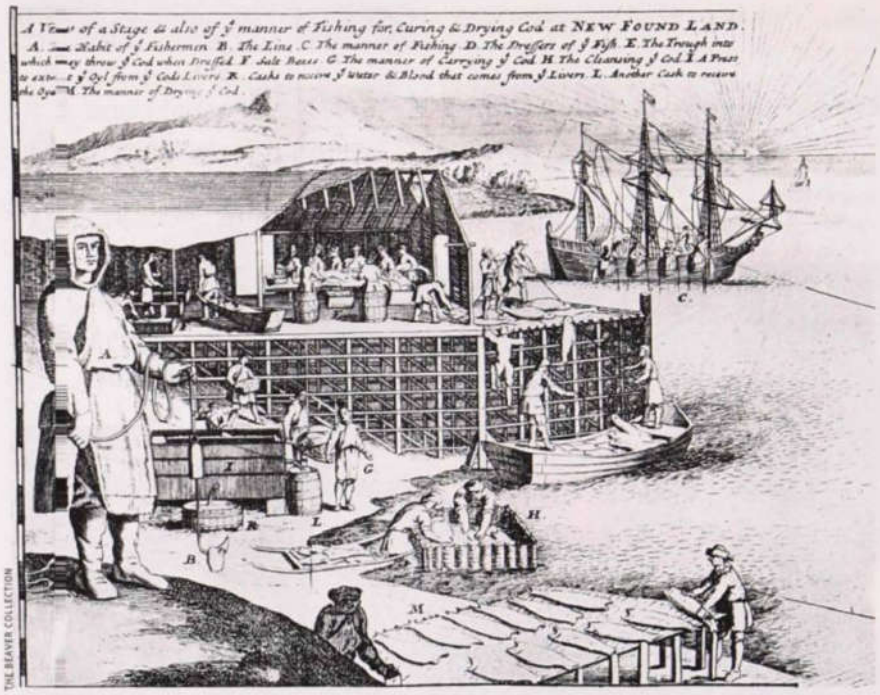
A View of a Stage &c also of ye manner of Fishing for, Curing & Drying Cod at NEW FOUND LAND.
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THE BEAVER COLLECTION

Cod fishery, about 1713.

NICOLAS DENYS was a fisherman and trader in seventeenth century Acadia, but it is his passion for food that McCord Museum's Victoria Dickenson finds most intriguing.

The early history of eastern Canada is replete with the tales of explorers and adventurers, soldiers of fortune and fortune seekers, the search for gold and the search for Cathay. But the thing that brought more Europeans to our eastern shores than fool's gold, beaver pelts, or tall timber, was fish, and few have ever written better about the cod fishery than Nicolas Denys.

In 1670, Denys put quill to paper and produced his *Description géographique et historique des castes de l'Amérique septentrionale,* first published in Paris in 1672. He wrote most of his account at Nepisiguit, present-day Bathurst, New Brunswick. One can imagine him there, feet stretched to the fire, warming his ink by the flames so that it would not freeze in his pen, or perhaps, writing outdoors on a fine autumn day, facing the Baie des Chaleurs. He writes about the geography of the coasts he has sailed along since the 1630s, and the native people he has met. He writes too of the injustices he and his family have suffered from former friends and foes alike. But when he raises his head and gazes out at the harbour, he thinks of his years in the fishery, and writes an account so detailed and comprehensive that it has never been matched.

He tells his readers to excuse his style, for he is but a fisherman, and if he had spent as much time on study as he has on "following the Cod," he could have perhaps given his readers more satisfaction. But I as a reader am very satisfied, for old Nicolas Denys (and he was old when he wrote his book) is more than a simple fisherman; he is perhaps our first gourmet.

Here is a man who not only hunts, fishes, and gardens, but eats – and eats well. Imagine the little supper party he gives for his patron Monsieur de Razilly on the shores of a pleasant cove near present-day Lunenberg. They begin with a pigeon soup, followed by wild goose, then on to duck, and "pyramids" of snipe and plovers, the whole washed down with white wine and claret. For dessert, raspberries and strawberries collected by native children, employed for that purpose by Denys.

Not only is he knowledgeable about the fishery, but, ah, he understands the delights of a fresh halibut, either roasted en brochette and served with vinegar, or equally tasty "on a short boiling with good herbs and an orange." (An orange! Where did he get an orange?) Of course, "this does not mean that they are not very excellent also when boiled and placed in butter." And who could resist oysters cooked in the shell on an open fire with "crumbs of bread and a little pepper or nutmeg," or black puddings and chitterlings made from porpoise tripe ("the pluck is excellent fried"), or squid "roasted, boiled, and fried," and lobster eaten with all kinds of sauces ("We have named them Sea-partridges on account of their goodness")?

Speaking of partridge, he prefers the ruffed grouse to the spruce grouse, which tastes too strongly of juniper berries, "with a flavour of Fir." The ducks are similar to those of France "as to plumage and goodness," but the brant goose is altogether an excellent bird, roasted or boiled, and "to eat it in Lent would be too delightful."* (He likes crow ("as good to eat as chicken"), and barred owl, which has a more delicate flavour. He eats porcupine ("as good as suckling Pig") and rabbits, bear and moose, beaver and otter, washed down with sweet maple sap ("the colour of Spanish wine but not so good").

I see Denys as a very old man, white-bearded, living in his son's house at Nepisiguit where he dies at the age of 89, a little bowed in body, perhaps, but still relishing his meals, even if only a nice bit of boiled cod, or perhaps a simple fricassee of tortoise "with a white sauce." ◼

Dr. Victoria Dickenson is executive director of the McCord Museum of Canadian History and a glutton for culinary history.

*Ducks, being birds that lived on the water, were considered fish, not flesh, and could be eaten during Lent when Roman Catholics abstained from all flesh. Otters, beavers, and muskrat were also considered fish.

MEMOIRS OF "DIEF"

When John Diefenbaker was prime minister of Canada he accepted an invitation to come to London, Ontario, to receive an honorary degree and speak at the convocation of the University of Western Ontario. His visit, May 30, 1959, was keenly anticipated because he told the university that his speech would include a major policy announcement.

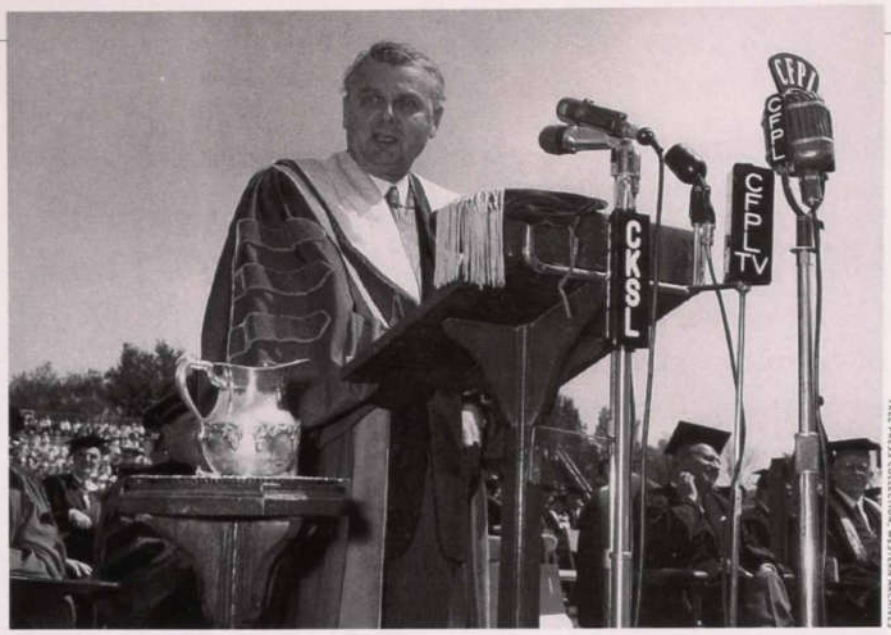
But things did not go smoothly on that sunny May afternoon. The university people still insist that the telegram from the PM's office stated clearly that "The Chief" and his entourage would be in a special car attached to the train from Toronto, arriving at London precisely at noon at the CNR station.

But there was another train from Toronto, also arriving at noon, in the northern part of town, at the CPR station. And that was the train that brought the prime minister to an empty station. Well, not entirely empty. There was a harmless old derelict asleep on a bench outside the waiting room. Seeing the visitors alone on the platform, he rose and shuffled forward to do the honours. "Mr. Diefenbaker! It is a pleasure to shake your hand!" This genuine welcome did not delay Dief's staff who found a telephone and ordered some taxis.

Dief tore up his manuscript in a rage, and the luncheon became suffused in an uneasy gloom.

As there had been no welcoming party from the university, they concluded that they were expected to go directly to the campus. Thus they asked the drivers to take the group to the administration building where the presidential offices were located.

However, this was 12:30 P.M. on a Saturday and the administration building was firmly locked. The frustration level rose sharply. The PM's staff then found a telephone kiosk on the campus and called the home of the president, a house in the centre of town. Whoever answered the phone explained politely that the president was not available because he was at the railway station, welcoming the prime minister.



FREE PRESS COLLECTION, WESTERN ARCHIVES

Prime Minister Diefenbaker at the University of Western Ontario's convocation, 1959.

When the staff person spluttered that the PM and his party were stranded at the campus outside a locked building, apologies were offered and instructions given as to finding the presidential house for the official lunch. The convoy of taxis moved off, and very soon the visitors were being warmly greeted at the house.

But Dief was not mollified, and things got worse when the president reminded him that the convocation address must not exceed ten minutes. The prepared speech, it seems, would run at least twenty minutes and could not be reduced. No deal was reached – Dief tore up his manuscript in a rage, and the luncheon became suffused in an uneasy gloom.

But even that was not the end. At the stadium, where about two thousand people were gathered to see their sons and daughters graduate, the official party was being assembled to march in. The aide-de-camp to the PM insisted that Mr. Diefenbaker, representing the people of Canada, should enter first. But the assistant to the lieutenant-governor of Ontario argued that his man, representing the Queen, had precedence. Angry words. Delay. A hot afternoon.

The solution came from a senior professor of French, chairman of the convocation committee. "Gentlemen," he said, "when you are on our campus you do what I say. You will walk side by side. Now, let us start."

So off we went. The graduation ceremonies proceeded.

When it was time for the important policy statement, which the reporters had been eager to hear, the audience was astonished to hear the prime minister, in a surly mood, use up his allotted ten minutes talking about a young man in the audience who came from Saskatchewan and who would have a brilliant career in the public service. The name is forgotten.

But I will never forget the events of that extraordinary day. And I feel sure that Dief never returned to the campus of the University of Western Ontario.

The author, Murdo MacKinnon, was a member of the Department of English at the University of Western Ontario from 1946 to 1964.

Have you had a personal experience with the great characters or momentous events of Canadian history? If you would like to submit a story for possible publication, send it to <editors@historysociety.ca> with YourStory in the subject line, or write to YourStory, c/o The *Beaver*, 478-167 Lombard Avenue, Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. For further information please see our editorial guidelines at <www.thebeaver.ca>.

OF POTLATCH AND PETROGLYPH

ROSEMARY NEERING encounters the Kwagiulth and Cowichan traditions of Vancouver Island's east coast.

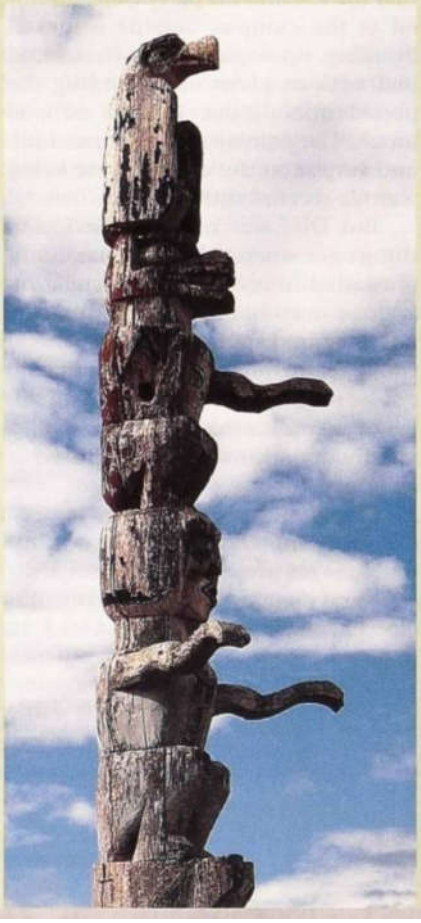
The outgoing tide gurgles through the stones beneath my feet as I walk Tsa-Kwa-Luten beach on British Columbia's Quadra Island. I am in luck: the pale light of a cloudy morning reveals faint images in the seaward side of a granite boulder, one of more than forty petroglyphs along this stretch of shore.

History surrounds me on this journey into the heart of Northwest Coast native culture, here and to the south at Duncan. For centuries a Salish village stood atop the cliffs that rise above the beach. In 1792, Captain George Vancouver anchored his ships offshore, was warmly greeted by the village chief and walked the narrow shore meadow. Soon after Vancouver's visit, the Kwagiulth peoples who lived to the north began a relentless move south. By 1850, they had driven out the Salish and were in command of Discovery Passage, the main north-south route that separates Quadra from Vancouver Island. From their villages on both sides of the waterway, they raided passing canoes, exacting tribute, taking slaves, and killing. Those who wished to go south to Fort Victoria had to pass at night by stealth or take a much less direct route.

Vancouver's visit is commemorated in a sign on the cliffs at Cape Mudge, named for a ship's lieutenant. The present-day Kwagiulth live in the nearby We-Wai-Kai village and run Tsa- Kwa-Luten resort here. Yet it is the petroglyphs that call most strongly to me. Facing Discovery Passage, eroded by time and winter storms, most are visible only at low tide in oblique light; some were discovered only by lantern light at night. Scientists and archaeologists cannot claim clear answers to the mystery of these pictures in stone. Were they painstakingly hammered into the rock by unknown people several thousand years ago? Are they just a few hundred years old, created by shamans for ceremonial purposes? Or are they both, created in antiquity, carefully renewed over time?

Ceremonial dancers, singers, and drummers in a shade-dappled site near the river at Quw'utsun'.

Above the beach stands Tsa-Kwa-Luten Lodge resort, its grand hall with massive fir pillars fashioned after the Big Houses that were at the centre of Kwagiulth villages. Its architecture, the native arts and music on display, and the photographs that adorn its walls all open a window on native tradition and history.



A weathered totem pole stands over the graveyard at the We-Wai-Kai village.

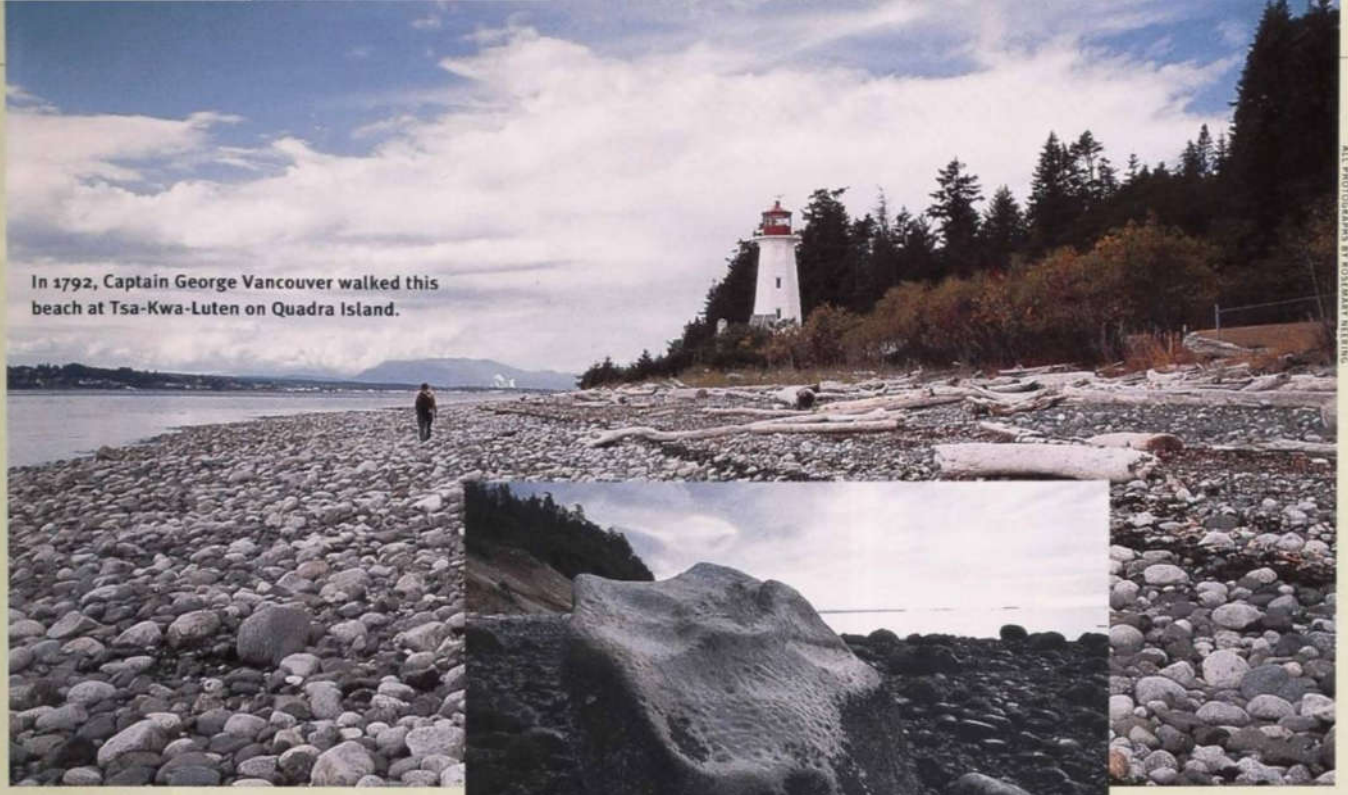
A forty-five-minute walk north along the shore, past the Cape Mudge lighthouse erected in 1898, leads to We-Wai-Kai village. Early in the twentieth century, the Canadian government banned potlatches. In 1922, government agents seized potlatch regalia and ceremonial items. Several decades ago, some of the items were finally returned; a museum in the village houses part of this remarkable collection. Caught in a funding crunch, the museum has been closed for several years, but is scheduled to reopen this year. Regardless of its status, visitors can view petroglyphs moved here for safekeeping and see totems, the graveyard, and an historic church.

Across Discovery Passage, in Campbell River, Gildas Box of Treasures Theatre, located in a Big House replica, presents potlatch dances in summer. The Museum at Campbell River houses a fine collection of traditional masks and regalia and an evocative presentation of the traditional story of Siwidi, a Kwagiulth chief who travelled undersea to meet the creatures and spirits of the depths.

I leave Campbell River and drive two hours south, to walk a different waterfront that is central to another Vancouver Island native nation. The Cowichan River is at the heart of Cowichan native history; thirteen villages once stood along its banks, and the salmon of the river have long sustained the Cowichan. Visitors in late fall can still see Cowichan spear salmon from bridges across the river. Then and at other times, native history is visible at the Quw'utsun' cultural centre in Duncan.

Quw'utsun presents Cowichan traditions in cedar buildings beside the river, in multimedia shows, in the carving shed, and along the river. In summer, visitors can also take part in a salmon barbecue and watch performers bring to life the dances and chants that link the present to the history of this native nation.

Rosemary Neering has written many magazine articles and books on British Columbia and the Canadian West, including *Wild West Women: Travellers, Adventurers and Rebels* and *A Traveller's Guide to Historic British Columbia*. She lives in Victoria.



In 1792, Captain George Vancouver walked this beach at Tsa-Kwa-Luten on Quadra Island.

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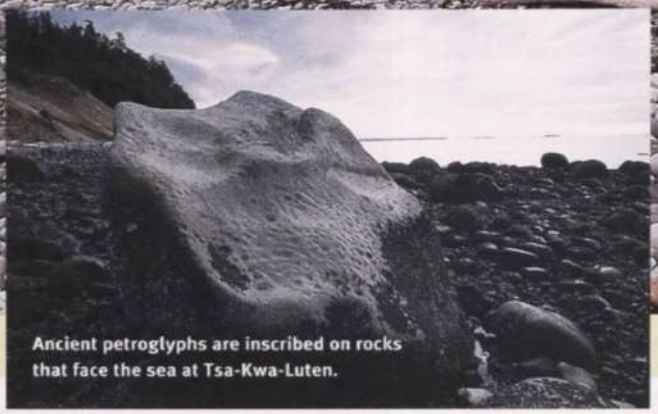

Ancient petroglyphs are inscribed on rocks that face the sea at Tsa-Kwa-Luten.

IF YOU GO ...

Campbell River is 153 kilometres north of Nanaimo on Vancouver Island, a ninety-minute drive on the Inland Island Highway, three hours and 264 kilometres from Victoria. Transport to Quadra Island is via a ten-minute ferry ride (ferries hourly) from Campbell River. Duncan is midway between Victoria and Nanaimo on Vancouver Island's east coast.

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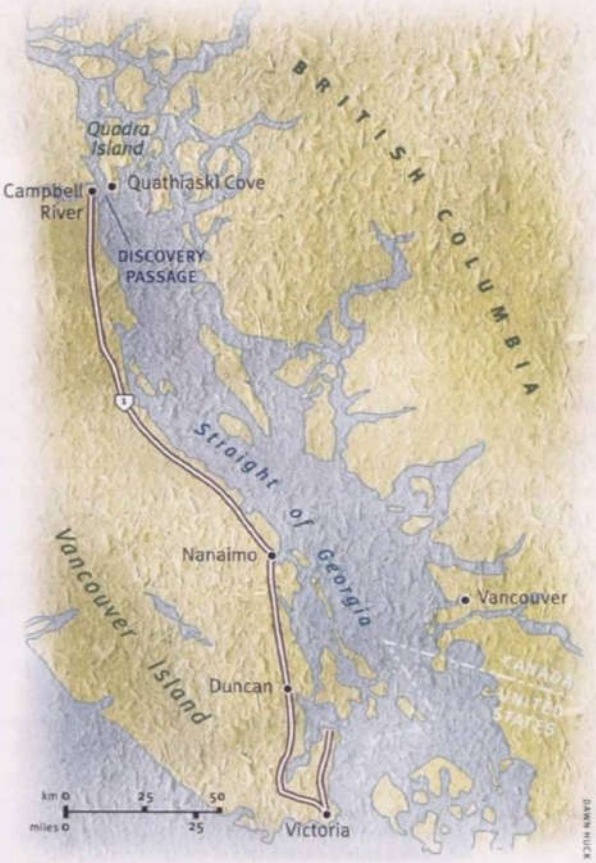


THE FISHER WATERCOLOURS

How two public Canadian institutions cooperated to acquire thirteen exceptional works of art.

The fascinating story of the Fisher watercolours in the February/March 2004 issue of the *Beaver* may have caught your eye (p. 5–6). The late-eighteenth-century works are among the earliest representations of Quebec, Montreal, and the Niagara region, and provide a rich new resource for scholars and art historians studying this critical period in Canada's development. The watercolours were found in a cellar in Balliol College, Oxford, among a forgotten heap of papers.

Yet almost as dramatic as how the paintings were found, is how they were acquired by Library and Archives Canada (LAC) and the Musée national des beaux-arts du Québec (MNBAQ). Just how did so many players come together so quickly to make sure that these important works were saved for the benefit of all Canadians?

What follows is a condensed account of the events that led to the arrival of the thirteen watercolours (in twelve lots, one of which included two watercolours) at LAC (nine works) and the MNBAQ (four works) in early December 2003.

• **October 9, 2003:** A London art dealer alerts LAC staff to the forthcoming auction of the watercolours on November 4, 2003, by international fine art auctioneer Bonhams.

• **October 14:** An article about the paintings appears in the *Guardian* newspaper. The story is picked up by several major Canadian newspapers, including *Le Devoir*, the *National Post*, and the *Globe and Mail*, as well as by the CBC, CTV, and Radio-Canada.

• **October 17:** A special event takes place during the afternoon to celebrate the Peter Winkworth Collection of Canadiana, with collector Peter Winkworth in attendance,* during the course of which laser copies of the Fisher watercolours are produced. Everyone present immediately agrees that they should be acquired for Canada. Library and Archives Canada undertakes to ensure that every effort be made to secure these works.

• **October 20:** Jennifer Devine, documentary art archivist at Library and Archives Canada, contacts the Canadian Cultural Property Export Review Board (CCPERB) which offers grants to help repatriate cultural property. At this point LAC learns that the MNBAQ is also interested in four of the paintings, and the two institutions decide to cooperate. LAC applies for a grant on October 22. The application is supported by CCPERB and recommended to the Honourable Sheila Copps, minister of Canadian Heritage at that time, who gives her approval two days later.

During this week, other key players were also doing their part. Most important was Ian Gillespie, president and CEO of Export Development Canada (EDC), well known for his passion for Canadian history, who wrote to Oxford University to urge them to withdraw the works from sale by auction and to sell them instead to Canada. Mr. Gillespie also enlisted the help of Mel Cappe, Canada's High Commissioner in London, who discussed the repatriation of the works for Canada with Bonhams staff, and Professor S. Neil MacFarlane, the Lester B. Pearson professor of International Relations at St. Anne's College, Oxford, who worked from the inside to persuade his colleagues of the great value of these watercolours for Canada. Finally, Mr. Gillespie offered EDC's financial assistance if it became necessary during negotiations. The research and cultural value of the collection as a single unit was clear, and there was concern that if the watercolours were sold at auction, it would likely result in the collection being split up, especially given the ever-increasing interest in documents of this kind from private collectors. At the same time, senior officials at LAC and Yves Lacasse, chief curator of the MNBAQ, discussed whether to purchase the watercolours through a private sale, or, failing this, to coordinate the two institutions' efforts at the auction. A sense of common purpose was evident as all of these people and institu-

*In 2002, with the assistance of funds from the Government of Canada, the National Archives of Canada purchased more than 700 watercolours and drawings, over 3,300 prints, and nine paintings from Mr. Winkworth's London-based collection, thus keeping this irreplaceable treasure intact.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA, R10276-0

Clockwise, from above: Benjamin Fisher (1753-1814). *Chaudière Falls near Québec*, ca. 1790. Watercolour on wove paper; *The Falls of Niagara*, ca. 1785. Watercolour on wove paper; *Québec viewed from across the St. Lawrence River*, ca. 1790. Watercolour on wove paper.

tions came together to ensure the preservation of this important collection for Canada.

• **October 28:** LAC contacts two art experts in London to ask them to view the works and report on them. This is done quickly, and the reports are positive. Meanwhile, interest from other institutions and from Canadian and American collectors is building; Bonhams receives many inquiries about the works (which they hadn't anticipated).

• **October 29–31:** Ian Wilson makes a formal offer to Balliol College via Bonhams to purchase all twelve lots on behalf of Canada, after his staff works out a strategy concerning the private sale with the MNBAQ. Andrew Graham, master of Balliol College, takes LAC's request for a private sale of the paintings to an academic committee, which has to balance the monetary value of the individual works with the research and cultural importance of the collection as a whole.

Balliol College agrees to consider a private sale, with the works to be withdrawn once a price is agreed upon. After some negotiation, a final price of approximately $360,000 is agreed upon, with contributions from LAC, the MNBAQ, EDC, and the CCPERB. News of the private sale and the withdrawal of the twelve lots from auction will not be made public until November 3.

• **November 2:** CBC, Radio-Canada, and CTV all carry long reports on the impending auction, lamenting the potential loss of these works into foreign hands and the fact that no Canadian institution has been able to save these treasures for Canada.

• **November 3:** Bonhams announces that the lots have been withdrawn from sale because of a private sale to Library and Archives Canada and the Musée national des beaux-arts du Québec.

Experts at LAC and the MNBAQ are now carefully looking after these important watercolours. Without the contributions of many different players on both sides of the Atlantic in such a short space of time, this important collection would not have been acquired. This collaboration demonstrates how government institutions, federal and provincial, can work quickly and effectively to ensure that Canada's documentary heritage is preserved.

The unveiling of the Fisher watercolours took place at the Musée national des beaux-arts du Québec on January 19, 2004, with the new minister of Canadian Heritage, the Honourable Hélène Chalifour Scherrer, attending. Plans are in the works to have digitized images of the watercolours on the LAC website. As well, some of the watercolours will be included in exhibitions across the country.

—Ian E. Wilson, National Archivist,
Library and Archives of Canada

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

2004 : Celebrating A Decade of Achievement

Important twin anniversaries will be celebrated this year. A decade ago this month, the Hudson's Bay Company History Foundation was established. Besides providing financial support to the Company's extraordinary archives and museum collection, which it donated to the Province of Manitoba, the Foundation instituted "a popular history society"– Canada's National History Society – that opened its

Museum Discounts Membership in Canada's National History Society provides reduced admission to the following leading Canadian museums:

- Royal British Columbia Museum, Victoria
- Vancouver Museum
- Vancouver Maritime Museum
- Whyte Museum of the Canadian Rockies, Banff
- Glenbow Museum, Calgary
- Provincial Museum of Alberta, Edmonton
- Saskatchewan Western Development Museum, Saskatoon, Moose Jaw, North Battleford, Yorkton
- Dalnavert Museum, Winnipeg
- The Manitoba Museum, Winnipeg
- Western Canada Aviation Museum, Winnipeg
- Niagara Historical Society & Museum, Niagara-on-the-Lake, ON
- Bata Shoe Museum, Toronto
- Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto
- McCord Museum of Canadian History, Montreal
- Pointe à Callière, Musée d'archéologie et d'histoire de Montréal
- Canadian Museum of Civilization, Hull, QC
- New Brunswick Museum, Saint John
- Yarmouth County Museum, Yarmouth, NS

A discount of at least 10 percent on regular admission will be given upon presentation of your membership card. Some restrictions may apply. All subscribers to the *Beaver* are automatically members of the Society.

THE PIERRE BERTON AWARD 2004 CALL FOR NOMINATIONS

CANADA'S NATIONAL HISTORY SOCIETY established an award in 1994 for distinguished achievement in popularizing Canadian history. Canadian author Pierre Berton, the first recipient, agreed to have his name associated with the award in subsequent years. Other recipients of the Award are:

James H. Gray, Calgary, 1995
Jacques Lacoursière, Québec City, 1996
The CRB Foundation, Montreal, 1997
Bob Johnstone, Toronto, 1998
(no award 1999)
Peter C. Newman, British Columbia, 2000
CBC / Radio Canada, for *Canada: A People's History*, 2001
The Canadian Society for Civil Engineering, 2002
Charlotte Gray, Ottawa, 2003

Individuals or organizations may be nominated whose written work has brought Canadian history to a national audience through such means as publications, film, radio, television, theatre, or the web in either official language.

Nominations are now being accepted for the 2004 Pierre Berton Award. In addition to the name and address of the nominee, nominations must be accompanied by detailed information in support of the candidate. A biography or curriculum vitae, newspaper or magazine articles, or letters of support outlining the achievements of the nominee would be welcome. There is no nomination form.

Nominations for the 2004 Pierre Berton Award must be received by April 23, 2004 and should be sent to:

THE PIERRE BERTON AWARD
CANADA'S NATIONAL HISTORY SOCIETY
478–167 Lombard Avenue
Winnipeg, Manitoba R3B 0T6

For further information, please visit the Society's website, www.historysociety.ca, or
ph: (204) 988-9300 fax: (204) 988-9309
e-mail: prixbertonaward@historysociety.ca

doors in 1994. The Society's mandate was to assume publication of the *Beaver* from the Bay and to develop other projects to bring Canadian history to a wider audience.

We've made significant strides since then – building the *Beaver*, creating two national awards programs to honour excellence in bringing Canadian history to more Canadians, and developing programs to support historical organizations across the country. As we prepare ourselves for our second decade as a national history organization, the History Society has undergone significant changes in its operations and activities in 2003.

The *Beaver* introduced design changes with more pages, more colour, and new departments that include travel, personal accounts, and profiles of people whose passion and livelihood is history. The *Beaver* is a very different magazine today than it was ten years ago when the History Society took over publication. We hope you are enjoying the new format, and that you will continue to provide us with the kind of valuable feedback that has shaped the magazine you have in hand today.

The **History Society's Book Club**, which offers members significant discounts on leading Canadian history titles, was featured in a special supplement called *Joie de Livre* inserted into the December 2003 / January 2004 issue of the *Beaver*. Additional titles were made available exclusively on-line.

The History Society Book Club was just one of many substantial investments made in a complete technical and editorial upgrade of our website <**www.historysociety.ca**>. The upgrade was designed to ease processing orders with the Society and to provide an even greater depth and breadth of Canadian history information.

The new website features teaching resources provided by the Governor General's Award recipients, book club selections and reviews, profiles of historical tours and museum exhibitions, and information about national and local advocacy initiatives.

Last year also marked the final year of our **grants program for provincial and territorial historical societies**. All but two provinces and territories have made use of the fund over the past three years. Some of the projects include publications, walking tours, and public speaking events, as well as website creation and operating professional development programs for community volunteers. The History Society will be reviewing the impact of its grants and conference program in 2004 and developing recommendations for the future.

Nominations for the **Governor General's Awards for Excellence in Teaching Canadian History** increased again this year by 5 per cent, with a dramatic increase in the number of applications from Quebec (30 per cent) and francophone teachers outside of Quebec (35 percent). Media efforts to promote the teachers and the awards program met with unprecedented results, including a twenty-minute profile of finalist Robin Barker-James that was broadcast twice on CBC's *The National*. CTV, Newsworld, CHUM, and TVOntario all covered the November 14 ceremony at Rideau Hall – the first year it has ever received national TV coverage.

Over 17,000 posters about civil-engineering achievements in Canadian history were distributed to schools and teachers and 6,000 bilingual booklets of the 2002 awards recipients' lesson plans were printed and distributed at teacher conferences held throughout the year.

The History Society celebrated this year's **Pierre Berton Award** recipient, Charlotte Gray, at a gala evening hosted by the Hudson's Bay Company and our honorary patron, Pierre Berton. The event was held inside the Arcadian Court at the Hbc's main store in Toronto. This year marks the tenth anniversary of the Pierre Berton Award – the second of our twin anniversaries.

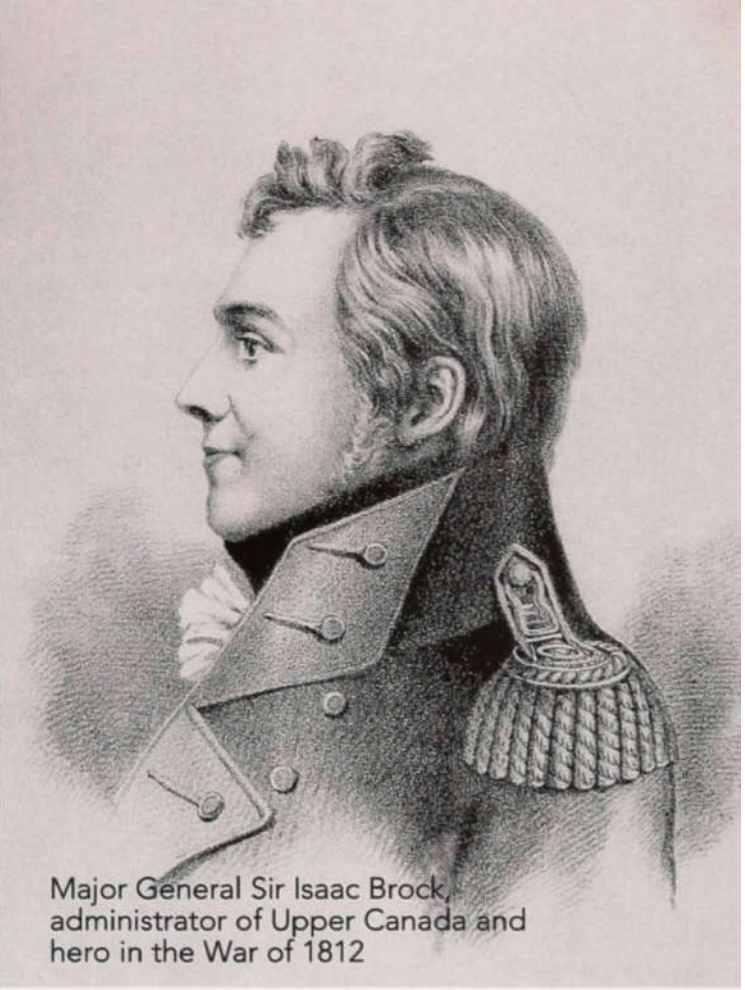
And lastly, the History Society has begun work on the creation of a new **Canadian history magazine for young people**. *Beaver* readers and teachers involved with the Governor General's Awards have been suggesting a young people's magazine for quite some time. We think it's an idea whose time has come, and we are working hard to raise the funds necessary to get prototypes into production.

A Special Thanks

Inside this issue of the *Beaver*, we pay special tribute to individual donors in our Annual Honour Roll. Our 50,000 individual members – people like you – continue to be the key factor in our success. With an average *Beaver* subscription renewal rate of over 66 per cent, we are grateful for your loyalty. However, you are also exceptional in your generosity. To date this year, our members contributed $183,000 to the Society. The combination of member donations and subscription fees represents 66 per cent of the Society's total annual income, providing a solid base for sustainability over the long term. We thank you for your continued support.

—Deborah Morrison

Shawnee Chief Tecumseh, leader of the native alliance and hero in the War of 1812



Major General Sir Isaac Brock, administrator of Upper Canada and hero in the War of 1812

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CANADA'S NATIONAL HISTORY SOCIETY

LA SOCIÉTÉ HISTOIRE NATIONALE DU CANADA

The Beaver
CANADA'S HISTORY MAGAZINE

Connecting Content, Classrooms and Community

John Newby Fraser, who submitted this photograph to the *Beaver*, lives on Salt Spring Island, B.C. John Newby, who died in 1923, was his maternal grandfather. Newby's last position was senior pilot at the Ogden Point pilot station at the entrance to Victoria harbour.

Rescued Among the first Japanese to arrive in Victoria, in 1883, were a dozen men who had had no plans to visit Canada's West Coast. Fishermen, they had been stranded in their derelict vessel after a typhoon in the China Sea with a hold of rotting fish for more than eighty days, when Captain John Newby in his cargo ship *Tiger* happened upon them. He thought at first they might be pirates, which infested the China Sea of the day, but determining the benign nature of their enterprise, he brought them aboard the *Tiger*, which was sailing from Shanghai for the Pacific Northwest. This doubled the number of crew and put a strain on provisions, but the *Tiger* crossed the Pacific without incident and six weeks later anchored at Esquimalt, near Victoria, where this picture was taken. The fishermen didn't linger long in Canada. Through the help of the Japanese consul in San Francisco, the castaways were sent to California and returned to the land of their birth. Newby, it is said, later received in London a decorative medal sent by Emperor Mutsuhito for rescuing his subjects, who were thought to have been lost. Lost too, sadly, is the medal. ◘

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in our country's history? If you would like to submit it for possible publication, have it copied at your local photo shop (please don't send priceless originals) and send it to: Album, c/o *The Beaver*, #478–167 Lombard Ave., Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0T6. Include a brief description of the photo, including its date and location. If possible, identify people in the photograph and provide further information about the event or situation illustrated. To have your copy returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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April | May Highlights

Egypt Month | Tuesdays in April at 8 p.m. ET

History Television showcases Egypt with a month of captivating documentaries that examine the mysteries and legends of the ancient civilization. ***Egypt Month*** features a look at the drama and intrigue behind some of the most powerful female rulers in Egyptian history with the exclusive series *Queens of the Nile*.

Radio Revolution | Wednesday, April 7 at 8 p.m. ET

This feature documentary examines the Windsor radio station that became the most powerful force in the American music business in the 1960s and 1970s. CKLW's non-stop, loud and brash programming style attracted more than 62 million listeners across North America. The station provided the soundtrack to the days of postwar industrial prosperity in Detroit, through the rising social unrest and racial tension, leading up to the explosion of the race riots in the U.S. during the summer of 1967.

Kings and Queens | Sundays at 8 p.m. ET beginning April 25

In more than 1,000 years, the British monarchy has evolved from divinely appointed warrior kings to benign political figureheads. Cambridge University's Dr. Nigel Spivey chronicles the lives and times of Britain's most famous monarchs, from William the Conqueror to Queen Elizabeth II.

Unlucky Lady II | Thursday, April 29 at 8 p.m. ET

Documentary filmmaker Wayne Abbott leads an expedition of experts to capture the first images of the sunken Canadian warship, the HMCS Athabaskan. With an international group of divers and historians, the team examines the watery grave of the Second World War destroyer that mysteriously sank in April 1944 – killing 128 young Canadian sailors.

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